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SELECT
SOCIAL
READINGS.
SPENCE.

INTRODUCTION.

This age of speed—displays a need
That people read—and then indeed
One well may plead—"take special heed
What reading matter,"

Some readings sought—really are not
Best can be got—nor such as ought
Largely inwrought—with good seed thought
Broadcast to scatter.

Publishers ask—"What's to be done
If buyers will the solid shun?
"Demand's for fun "Twill have the run "
For mirth folks look.

"Rich tho't!" was hied—"wit fun!" replied
"Combine!" was cried—"let both abide,
And both be plied—the field is wide"
The hint we took.

Placed side by side—taste's not defied
Let neither chide—neither need hide,
So we complied—the task is tried
And HERE'S the book.

SPENCE'S

SELECT

SOCIAL READINGS

EDITED BY

JACOB SPENCE,

*Lecturer Prohibitory League, (Canada); Editor "Spence's Selections,"
"International Readings," etc.*

SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR

Pleasant, Profitable, Social Entertainments,

(THIRD SERIES.)

"A merry heart doeth good."—*Solomon.*

"Nature's mirth is cordial against disorders of spleen, wherefore sportiveness is
not condemnable, if it transgress not in quantity, quality or season."

TORONTO :

PUBLISHED BY WM. WARWICK.

1879.

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SEP 28 1966

DUDLEY & BURNS,
PRINTERS,
COLBORNE ST., TORONTO.

PREFACE.

Success of former series, and to supply a still further felt want, have been promptings in favor of issuing the present volume.

To keep up with the growing taste for variety, and infuse just enough of the *mirthful*, have been special aims in this collection. Particular care has been taken to incorporate richly suggestive thought, pure sentiment and elevating idea, intermingling Christian wisdom with hearty, good, social frolic. A large proportion of the pieces are ORIGINAL, the rest rare, and picked with great painstaking from extensive fields. A very versatile variety, well adapted to the purpose, in small bulk, will be found in this book, taking for granted that the intention is accomplished.

JACOB SPENCE.

Toronto, March, 1879.

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SPENCE'S SELECT READINGS.

INTUITIVE ASPIRATIONS.

A little brown seed in the furrow,
 Was still in its lowly bed ;
 While violets blue and lilies white,
 Were whispering overhead.
 They conversed of glories strange and rare,
 Of glittering dew and floating air,
 And beauty and rapture everywhere,
 And the seed heard all they said.

The little brown seed in the darkness,
 And so close to the lilies feet ;
 Yet far away from the gladsome day,
 Where life seemed so complete.
 In heart it up-treasured every word,
 And longed for the life of which it heard ;
 For the light that shone and the air that stirr'd,
 In that world so wondrous fair ;
 Still wond'ring and thinking can I ever be there,
 And in such high ecstacies have any share.

This poor little brown seed in silence,
 So in-thrilled with a strange unrest ;
 A warm new heart beat tremblingly,
 In its hampered heaving breast.
 With its two small hands clasped as in prayer,
 It lifted them up in the darkness there ;
 Up ! up through the sod to the sun and air,
 The firm folded hands up press'd.

Oh little brown seed in the furrow,
At last you have pierced the mould ;
And quivering with a life intense,
Your beautiful leaves unfold.
Like wings outspread for upward flight,
And slowly moving up into the light ;
Your sweet bud opens till in heavens sight,
You wear a bright crown of gold.

Oh ! aspiring soul, seed immortal,
Here so dark, so earth-confined ;
In thy intuitions instinctive,
Of heavenward aspiring mind.
Still upward, press on in thy might,
On, on to thy high birthright !
Till crowded in the long'd for light,
Earth's darkness is left behind.

THE WIND-HARP.

BY F. E. WEATHERLY.

I set my wind-harp true attuned,
And a wind came out from the south ;
Soft, soft it blew with gentle coo,
Like sweet words from maiden's mouth.
Then like the stir of angels' wings,
It gently touched the trembling strings;
And Oh ! my harp gave back to me,
Its wondrous heavenly melody.

I set my wind-harp true attuned,
And a raging storm blew loud ;
From the icy north it hurried forth,
And dark grew sea and cloud.
It wildly screamed down mountain's height,
It smote the quivering chords with might ;
Yet still my harp gave back to me,
Its tender heavenly melody.

Ah, me ! that *such* a heart were mine,
Responsive, tuned and true ;
When all was glad, when all was shine,
Or when storms of sorrow blew.

That so 'mid all the fret and strife,
The jarring undertones of life;
My life might rise to God, and be
One long harmonious symphony.

LAY OF LIGHT.

When first the broad tent firmament,
Arose on its airy spars,
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers in the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green ;
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes,
Of Eden's early queen.

When the waves that burst o'er the world accursed,
Their work of wrath had sped ;
And the Ark's lone few, the tried and true,
Came forth from among the dead.

Then with wondrous gleams of my braided beams,
Mild I bade their anxieties cease ;
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll,
Heaven's covenant of peace.

The wild flower in the waste by my love embraced,
As the rose in the garden of kings ;
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo ! the gay butterfly wings.

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and the unjust I descend ;
E'en the blind whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears.
Feel my smile as the smile of a friend.

If such the glad worth of my presence on earth,
Though fitful and fleeting the while ;
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with the Deity's smile.

Abridged from W. P. PALMER.

KEEPING HIS DISTANCE.

Satan is reported as at times having made several strange bargains with human beings. In most cases these transactions have turned out sadly to the disadvantage of the human party. Yet, however unreliable as to fulfilment of terms upon the whole, the father of lies mostly gets the credit of abiding strictly by any terms of agreement into which he has been led to enter, or it might be more correct to say into which he has led others to enter, as according to accounts, he is mostly set forth as the proposer of the terms of the bargain.

One condition or consideration in nearly every instance on record binds the unfortunate dealer with the devil to the final surrender of his soul, but there are also reported exceptions, and in the instance here narrated there does not appear to have been any such matter of bargain.

The account is that the arch enemy had for many long years been trying his utmost skill in vain, to get a pious old couple to quarrel. His ambition was intensely fired to accomplish this dire design, and perseveringly he had tried all his most reliable, infernal schemes in vain. But not to be defeated, the evil one concluded that his only remaining chance of success now lay in the employment of some less suspected or more efficient earthly agency. The desired agent he forthwith secured in the person of a known, vile, tale-bearing old woman, who was willing at once to undertake the deed for the small consideration of a pair of new shoes, to be given her when she had fairly initiated the desired quarrel, and on such terms her services were at once accepted. The difficult deed having at length been very effectually managed by her, fully up to the terms on her part, she accordingly demanded the stipulated payment, and to receive the same, she came in person to the place appointed, where, as had been agreed, she was to have the said shoes passed into her possession by the veritable devil himself.

Having arrived at the appointed place of meeting, there promptly she discovered moving towards her on the outer

end of a very long pole thrust through a whole in the high strong fence the proposed pair of good looking shoes.

"Why!" exclaimed she "How is this?" "How is this?" chuckled back the fiend from the other side of the fence. "*You* may guess how is this! Don't you suppose I know enough not to venture nearer, or do you suppose I would let come nearer to me than the length of this ample pole any one found capable of the job you have just done?"

I. FRY.

MODEL PROCLAMATION.

The Mayor of Galesburgh was requested by the devout portion of his citizens to issue a proclamation, ordering a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

Mayor West accordingly caused to be posted up and inserted in the local journal the announcement, in terms, which to his thinking would meet the bearings of the case:

"I do therefore commend and order to the good people of Galesburg, that on that day (hereby set apart for the purpose) they lay aside all secular employments, and assemble in their respective places of public worship, and there devoutly offer praises and prayer, giving thanks for mercies, and seeking pardon for our past sins, and asking to be kept in future from sinning generally, and from violating the laws, either physical, moral, or municipal; and while we pray to be protected from the ravages of disease, pray also that the hearer of prayer, will be pleased to influence us to abate every nuisance, clean every yard, remove every species of filth, and every cause that is likely to produce sickness and unpleasantness, believing that he is willing to help those who manifest a disposition to help themselves, and not asking him to dispense with sanitary laws to save them trouble on the working days."

The writer, who deemed this copy of document, worthy of being placed on record as precedent and pattern for sanitary, sensible Thanksgiving day proclamation, remarks on the

directions given as to the devotional exercises, a healthy prayer was that, with a solid chunk of common sense in it—perhaps improvable by a little polish, but as orthodox in doctrine, and with a fair smack of the pious and practical. In fact almost a model proclamation which ought to have been respected.

HAN'S BABY.

So help me gracious, efery day
I laff me vild to saw her vay
My schmall young baby dries to blay,
Dot funny leetle baby.

Vhen I look of dhem leetle toes,
Und saw dot funny leetle nose,
Den efery day I saw her grows,
So more like his Fader baby.

Sometimes dere gomes a leetle schquall,
Dots vhen her vindy vind vill crawl
Righd in his leetle stchomak schmall,
Dots too bad for der baby.

Den ven him shing at night so schveet
Und gorry-barrik den must ead,
Und I must chump sphry on mine feet,
To help dot leetle baby.

Him bulls mine nose and kiks mine hair,
Und grawls me ofer eferywhere,
Und slobbers me—but vot I care,
Dot vas my schmall young baby.

Be round my head that little arm
Vas schquosen me so nice und warm,
O ! may der nefer goom some harm
To dot schmall leetle baby.

SOME ADVANTAGES OF NONSENSE.

Nonsense is neither chargeable with being true or false. Two great properties of nonsense which are always essential to it, give it such peculiar advantage that it is incapable of being contradicted. It stands on its own basis like a rock secure against all attacks of would-be assailants. The major and minor are of equal strength. Its assertions are not to be invalidated. Its questions admit of no reply. You cannot find out what to approve or particularly disapprove. If it affirms, you cannot lay hold. If it denies you cannot refute. There are greater depths, obscurities, intricacies and perplexities in a real elaborate utterance of nonsense than in the most abstruse and profound statements of any theological essay of any school of divinity. Imagination, too, has great domain for play in the sphere of nonsense.

Both the subject and the object being evidently the same in substance, *nonsense*; the critic must find his art utterly at fault; and even evil-eyed envy fails to formulate a feasible charge of any failure of purpose in the production.

The absurd as such, exists, not in the true nature of nonsense, while the incongruous is really the strictly consistent, and the more discordant, the more correctly harmonious may it be accounted.

In real nonsense even the rules of grammar may be set at naught, yet the precepts of nonsense not at all transgressed.—Nay! rather *so* doth the composition approximate to perfection.

The short step said to intervene between the sublime and ridiculous even here appears to *dis*-appear! In the most deliberate assertions of nonsense—mist and mistify assert the place of lucid statement and unimpeachable perspicuity, while ahead of the very wise exultingly dashes the otherwise.

The resolute reviewer profoundly puts down his glasses and majestically pronounces "the whole production a tissue of pure unadulterated *unmitigated*, sheer *nonsense*" and the over-delighted author, still *admiringly* and exultant, answers, "*just so.*"

Thus it is the especial fortune of nonsense to surely and amply realize its own most exalted ideal, you may say, "pshaw! *nonsense*," and you very properly draw forth the ever ready and correct response, "*exactly*."

Mind, to swing like the pendulum back and forth, seems,
And the stronger the force to the *further* extremes,
So to have ample sweeps and in wisdom sweep wide,
Dash at times to extremes on the opposite side.

WIDDER GREEN'S LAST WORDS.

I'm goin' to die says Widder Green,
I'm goin' to quit this earthly scene ;
It isn't no place for me to stay,
In sitch a world as it is this day ;
Sitch works and ways is too much for me,
When nobody can't let nobody be.
The girls is flounced from top to toe,
An' that's the hull o' what they know ;
The men is mad on bonds an' on stocks,
An' swearin' an' shootin' an' pickin' locks ;
I'm real afraid I'll be hang'd myself,
If I am not soon laid on my final shelf.
There isn't a creature but knows this day,
I never was counted lunatic any way ;
But since crazy people all go free,
I'm dreadful afraid they'll hang up me ;
There's another thing too that's pesky hard,
When I can't go into a neighbors yard—
To say 'how be ye?' or borrow a pin,
But what the papers 'll have it in ;
And then the next day the whole world will read,
It's a plaguey way to be bothered indeed :
"We're pleased to say that Wider Green,
Took dinner on Tuesday with Mrs. Keen ;"
And "our worthy friend Miss Green, has gone
Down to Barkhamhed to see her son ;"
Great Jerusalem can't one at all stir,
Without a risin' some feller's fur ?
There isn't no privacy—so to say,
No more nor if it was the judgment day ;

And then as for meetin'—I want to swear,
 That whenever I put my head in there !—
 Why even old hundred is spiled and done,
 Like every thing else under the sun.
 It used to be solemn an' steady an' slow,
 Praise to Heaven from people below ;
 Now it goes most like a gallopin' steer,
 High diddle diddle, there and here ;
 No real respect for th' Almighty above,
 No more'n ef he was hand and glove—
 With all the creatures he ever made,
 And all the tricks that forever was play'd.
 Then preachin' too—but here I'm dumb,
 But I tell you what I would like it some—
 If good ol' parson—Nathan Strong,
 Out o' his grave would come along,
 An' give us a stirrin' taste o' fire,—
 An' judgment, an' justice, is my desire ;
 It isn't all love an' sickish sweet,
 That makes this worl' nor t'other complete.
 —But la I'm ol', I'd better be dead,
 When the world's a turnin' over my head ;
 Crazy creatures a murderin' round,
 Honest folks better be under the ground ;
 So fare-ye-well to this mortal scene,
 Wont no more be pestered with Widder Green.

TAM. SCOTT'S EXERCISES.

Many years ago a shepherd and family lived it Tweeds-mair. His wife had business to Peeble's fair, but not being able to make the distance in a day, she went the night before, and stopped with an old acquaintance, who was in the habit of holding family worship, which in those parts was generally termed "exercises." Tibby, who had not been accustomed to such a practice at home, was so well pleased therewith that she finally resolved to have the same "keepit up in her ain hoos for the time to come." Accordingly, when she had transacted her other business, she went to the man who kept the book stand and made enquiry, "Hae ye ony exercise buiks?" "Yes, plenty,"

replied the dealer, "but what de ye want we't?" he enquired. "Deed" says Tibby, I'm just gawn te tak it hame an' get oor Tam to mak exercises to me an' the weans.

The man was not over half satisfied as to what she really wanted. However, he put up the book for her, together with a pair of spectacles, for she said "Tam was na sae gude at seein' noo as formerly (puir body.>"). Having secured the exercise book and the specs, Tibby went on her way and reached her 'ain hoos' in safety.

When Tam came home at night, and after she had responded to his "Weel Tibby ye've got hame frae the fair," and she had retailed several items of general news she commenced the task of introducing the subject of the book with "Eh! mon! I was at oor freen Sandy Camerons a' neicht. An' are they a' weel?" says John, "Aye, but that's what they ar' ye may say *unco'* weel,—an they have—Oh! they have the reel reight thing there. O, Tam! they hae family exercises, an' its nae the thing that ye an' me hae been sae lang thigether an' nae hain exercises tae—An' I'm *determined this neicht* afore ye sleep that ye mak them tae me an' the weans."

This appeared rather stern for Tam all at once, who was entirely unacquainted with such matters, although such ignorance was rather uncommon among shepherds even in those parts, who were generally known as a pious and intelligent class.

"Wee'll no fash the neicht. We'll consider aboot it, an' see aboot it after a wee," said Tam meditatively.

"Nae consider ava, just get aboot it at once," replied Tibby promptly and resolutely. I have bought the buik for the virra purpose, an' a pair o' specs, an' a' thigither come—*come!*—my guid man! *nae* refusal!"

Tam, sore against his will, was induced to get on the specs, and with book in hand to proceed according to the plain instructions therein contained, thus:

"Fall into ranks! (A pause.)

Tibby speaks earnestly—"Noo bairns sit ye roun' yer faither, he's gaun tae mak exercises. Whisht! Whisht!

Tam again speaks (in strong voice)

"Turn to the left!"

Tibby interposes, "Bairns stan' up at yer faithers *left* han' an' be guid, *whisht!* de ye hear," (say awa noo Tam.)

Tam once more *gives the words* "quick-march."

Tibby somewhat confused, mutters "my! what's that ava?"

"Right about wheel!" (shouts Tam.)

Tibby earnestly exclaims—"Deer forgiee me!—Weans gang roon about the wheel—(But a dinna understan' this exercise o' oors.)" Say awa Tam. Whihst bairns!

Tam clearly pronounces "shoulder erms!"

Tibby reaches for the tangs meditatively saying "what an awful wye o' exercise this!—Guidness guide us, the mons witchet!—Tam can ye no get doon on yer knees an' pray for yer wife an' weans like yer honest freen Sandy Cameron?—That was na the wye he did it ava, a canna understan' this fur exercises?"

At length Tam got down on his knees, but not up to what ought to come next, he (as a preliminary) cleared his throat—repeatedly scratched his head and finally began: "O———O!———" (and then turning to Tibby, half whispered) "I dinna ken what to say." Tibby earnestly responds "Dear mon will ye no say awa, have ye no the buik." Tam once more intently looking on the book almost shouted "Aye I hae it noo—Whor hae we to gang te?"

"Where?" whispered Tibby, "Where the dragon shud ye gang but ben to bed wi yer wife and weans!—Will ye no say awa there? Bless me! *will ye say awa!*"

But Tam being now come to a total stand still (or kneel still), and at a loss for anything to come next—in utter despair turns another time to the book, and turns over a new leaf and cries out in a commanding voice "Present!—Fire!"

Tibby now positively in little less than a rage starts to her feet and cries out "Tam are ye mad—*Tam* what *dae* ye mean?"

"Its *a'* in the buik!" retorted Tam, vigorously scratching his (apparently confused) head. Its the wye it's in the buik *certain!*

"Weel I'm sure" (said Tibby), "if it be a exercise buik it munna be a guid yen." "We'd better defer't (said Tam), Had we no till we get better acquaint we't?" Tibby rather reluctantly agreed—saying "We may get mair intae th' wye o' 't after a wee,"—and they defer't. Tibby ultimately, next fair, procured exchange of the military exercise book for one of family devotional exercises, and as tradition records, Tam and Tibby and the weans, happily kept up the more Christian exercise.

VERY FOOLISH RESOLVES.

Wise advisers have often warned the inexperienced against rash promises. Persons making vows ought carefully to consider beforehand, and, as far as possible, provide for contingencies. It often happens to short-sighted mortals, that unforeseen circumstances may place the promiser in a very awkward plight, if bound to a certain course of action without due regard to consequences; and yet, sometimes, to be under the most absolute binding resolution is by far the safest, (sometimes, however, not so).

The little occurrence here narrated is one of those where promises were made without mature deliberation.

Miss Mary Sanderson had seen so much distasteful to her fancy in schoolmasters in general, and in regard to the whole race of the Irish indulged a most cordial antipathy; and then, red-haired men she detested; so that whenever contemplating matrimony it seemed sufficiently settled to be dismissed without serious consideration, yet, to make assurance doubly sure, that she might never have her lot in life cast in connexion with any of these three objectionable sorts of husbands, Miss Sanderson saw fit to put it in the solemn form of obligation, and vow that come or go what would she would never seriously entertain proposals of marriage under any circumstances from any young man, however suitable in other respects, be he a schoolmaster, or be he red-headed, or be he Irish—she *wouldn't have him!*

Time wore on, and it is recorded on reliable tradition that more than one applicant for her heart and hand had been martyr to Mary's rash vow. But, "Relentless time, it wouldn't wait."

The years kept numbering up, and the eligible young men were not becoming more numerous—indeed, rather the reverse. And so by and by, in calm reflection, Mary reluctantly decided to drop off one of her stern resolves, having come to think that should the next anxious sigh and good offer come from the heart and lips of a schoolmaster, "it wasn't so unworthy a calling," only let him not be of the detestible country or the horrid color of hair; and yet, strange to say, with all this condescending liberality on her part, somehow the right young men didn't come round.

Whatever *could* be the matter? Now would she, *could* she, yet further modify her vow?—perhaps dispense with and strike off one more of the three fixed conditions, and if so, which of them? She would wait yet a little longer; "patience and perseverance often overcome difficulties"; (yet even this does not always apply). Ultimately, however, the knotty question was compromised in this way, simply that the next time a seeming good offer came along, it might be just as wise to ask no particular questions as to the *nationality*, and, furthermore, suppose the interview took place in not very clear light, the exact shade of hair need not be too closely scrutinized. Wasn't there an art to bring hair to almost any color desired? In fact, she could see there were far higher considerations than these *minor* matters.

The record further is, that one fine morning Mary did finally find herself the fond stepmother of Mr. Phelim O'Hanayan's little family—good Phelim being a schoolmaster and a genuine, fiery-headed son of the Green Isle, and it is certified that she efficiently aided him in the discharge of his arduous teaching duties.

Now, moreover, sedate Mrs. O'Hanayan seriously advises all silly young people never to make thoughtless vows, and if they have done so, why, to be sure, a rash promise is better broken than kept.

SEA SHORE NIGHTFALL.

Slow falls the night ;
The tender light
Of stars grows brighter and more bright ;
The lingering ray
Of dying day
Sinks deeper down and fades away.

Now fast, now slow,
The south winds blow,
And softly whisper, breathing low ;
With gentle grace
They kiss my face,
Or fold me in their cool embrace.

Where one pale star
O'er waters far,
Droops down to touch the harbor bar,
A faint light gleams,
A light that seems
To grow and grow till nature teems

With mellow haze ;
And to my gaze
Comes proudly rising, with its rays
No longer dim,
The moon ; its rim
In splendor gilds the billowy brim.

I watch it gain
The heavenly plain ;
Behind it trails a starry train—
While low and sweet
The wavelets beat
Their murmuring music at my feet

Alone I stand ;
On either hand
In gathering gloom stretch sea and land ;
Beneath my feet,
With ceaseless beat,
The waters murmur low and sweet.

SPENCE'S SELECT READINGS.

'Tis sacred ground ;
A peace profound
Comes o'er my soul. I hear no sound,
Save at my feet
The ceaseless beat
Of waters murmuring low and sweet.
—W. W. E.

LIKE A CHILD.

Playing there in the sun,
Chasing the butterflies,
Catching his golden toy,
Holding it fast till it dies ;
Singing to match the birds,
Calling the robins at will,
Glancing here and there,
Never a moment still—
Like a child.

Going to school and back,
Learning to read and write,
Puzzled over his slate,
Busy from morn till night,
Striving to win a prize,
Careless when it is won,
Finding his joy in the strife,
Not in the thing that's done,
Like a child.

Busy in eager trade,
Buying and selling again,
Chasing a golden prize,
Glad of a transient gain ;
Always beginning anew,
Never the long task o'er,
Just as it used to be—
The butterfly before.
Like a child.

Seeking a woman's heart,
Winning it for his own,
Then, too busy for love,
Letting it turn to stone.

Sure of his plighted truth,
What more had a wife to ask?
Is he not doing for her
Each day his daily task?

Like a child.

A child to pine and complain!
A child to grow so pale!
For want of some foolish words
Shall a woman's faith fail?
Words! he said them once—
What need of anything more?
Does one who has entered a room
Go back and wait at the door?

Like a child.

Baby Mary and Kate
Never dare climb his knee;
Motherly arms are open—
"Father is busy, you see."
Too busy to stop to hear
A babble of broken talk,
To mend the jumping-jack,
Or make the new doll walk.

Like a child.

So busy that when death comes
He pleads for a little delay,
If not to finish his work,
At least a word to say—
A word to wife and child,
A sentence to tell the truth,
That he loves them now at the last,
With the passionate heart of youth.

Like a child.

The kisses of Death are cold,
And they turn his lips to stone;
Out of the warm, bright world
The man goes all alone.
Do angels wait for him there
Over the soundless sea?
He goes as he came, a helpless wight,
To a new world's mystery.

Like a child.

HE LIVETH LONG WHO LIVETH
WELL.

He liveth long who liveth well !
All other life is short and vain ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well !
All else is being flung away ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Be wise and use thy wisdom well ;
Who wisdom speaks must live it too ;
He is the wisest who can tell
How he both lived and spoke the True.

Be what thou seemest, live thy creed,
Hold up to earth the torch Divine ;
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let the great Master's step be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last ;
Buy up the moments as they go ;
The life above when this is past
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow Truth if thou the true would reap ;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain ;
Erect and sound the conscience keep,
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the way and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

Sow wisdom's seed, and heavenly joy
Even on this desert earth will spring,
Blest efforts thou dost thus employ
Will blessed increase surely bring.

Sow all day long, O who can tell
Returns in future yet to come.
He liveth long who *soweth* well
For golden heavenly harvest home.

COMPARATIVE PLEASURE.

On a wild, wintry night, a vessel laden with an immortal cargo labors and heaves in the swelling storm. Driven helplessly by the fury of the elements, she strikes and crashes on the fatal rock. The shrieks and wails of the perishing are borne ashore on the swift wings of the wind, signals of distress are hoisted, and a piercing appeal for help is made. But the man in charge of the life-boat declines to attempt any help. He has too much regard for his own ease to expose himself to such a storm. Influenced by narrow, selfish thoughts, he sits by his fireside, where he may hear, without feeling, the fury of the storm. The piercing shrieks of the shipwrecked mingle with the howl of the storm, but he hears unmoved. He cares not who perish, so that he is safe. Our deepest nature is stirred! Our hottest indignation burns! Terms too severe cannot be found to express detestation of selfishness so base and indifference so dastardly.

But now turn from him to the other man, who no sooner hears than he nobly braces himself to the perilous task, and exclaims, "Help! Help!! If human means can save, they shall be saved!" And away he rushes amid the swell of the seething sea, manfully battling with the raging elements, risking his own to rescue the life of others. There can be no question raised as to which is the higher style of man. But not only in the point of noble daring done may these two type characters be contrasted. Look at them in regard to real happiness. Has the selfish man who declined the task out of regard for his own comfort secured the end he sought? Does he find himself at ease, contented and composed? Has he by avoiding that risk secured *happiness*? While apparently calm, warming himself by his own fire, is he not distressed with the painful consciousness of having ignominiously declined a noble service? Does he not feel a power within severely reproaching him with mean cowardice and selfishness? Does he not feel, too, he has fairly incurred the reproaches of others? Is it not true of him that, conscious of having lost both comfort of mind

and the respect of the public, he spends his anxious time in vainly wishing (perhaps regretting)—a thousand times *wishing* he had had the courage to address himself to the perilous toil, so as to have averted (if not the calamity of others), yet from himself the tempests of reproach with which he is pitilessly beaten from within as well as without.

But now turn to again contemplate the noble and generous man. What joyous feelings beat high and strong in his heroic bosom. Even while struggling with wind and waves, he has within him the feeling that he is doing a brave and philanthropic act, and that very consciousness makes him happy amid the perilous rocks and while defying the yawning ocean. What a tide of joy floods his earnest soul as he lifts from the wave-beaten rock the first perishing one! How does that tide of gladness rise and swell as he bravely hands up from the wreck each saved one in succession, until the last is rescued and saved! What a climax his joy reaches when he stands up amid the shouts of spectators, the tears and joy of relatives, and the benedictions of the saved ones!

Then who would not choose the lot of the generous one, whose heart promptly responded to the wail of distress, and who, actuated by noble impulses, makes earnest efforts for the happiness of others, although at much personal inconvenience and risk? Is not the noble, unselfish desire leading to disinterested, even toilsome action, in doing all we can to promote the happiness of others, sure to succeed at least in realizing increase of happiness to ourselves? True, we cannot know beforehand exactly the amount of risk or toil to be encountered, but the benevolent heart chooses rather to look at the desirable end aimed at, and being urged on by the higher nature, secures also the certain and substantial joy.

Now in experience amply understood
The luxury, the real bliss of *doing* good.

—(*Selected, modified*!)

HEAVEN'S BEACON LIGHTS.

With shining beams from beacons high
Sending afar their friendly light,
When night falls on the earth the sea
All round the coast seems twinkling bright.

The sailor's eyes, as if in prayer,
Turn unto them for guiding ray
If storms obscure their radiance there
Mariners helpless grope their way.

When night falls on the earth the sky
Astounding seems a boundless main,
Who knows what voyagers sail there,
Or names the ports they seek: or gain?

In that vast deep expanse of space
Rushing in speed and distance far,
Beyond our thinking's resting place
Or sounding line by coasting star.

Through the vast universe abroad
Move messengers on errands bent,
Fulfilling high behests of God,
On bliss-promoting deeds intent.

In this great mission's solemn race,
In this vast journey scarce aware
Of our small planet's name or place
Revolving in the lower air.

Are not those suns as beacons set
To guide the voyagers that go
From universe to universe
Our little world above below?

Bless'd indication! Thought how glad!
An awe most rapturous it stirs
From point to point—*His* beacons shine,
GOD wills to save His mariners.

(Altered from)

H. S. S.

REAL REGRETS AND REJOICINGS.

Alas ! the evil which we fain would shun
Too oft we do and leave the wished for good undone.
Our strength to-day
Becomes to-morrow weakness prone to fall,
Forgetful poor unprofitable servants all.
Oh ! how we stray !

When looking backward through our youth and prime
Behold we spectres of our misspent time,
 And through the shade
Of funeral cypress planted thick behind
We hear reproachful whispers on the wind
 From seasons fled.

Yet who while looking so o'er by-past years
But feels his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted weak and sinful as he was
To cheer and aid in some ennobling cause
His fellow men?

If he hath helped the wretched or let in
A ray of sunshine on dark cell of sin,
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak and in the hour of need
Over the suffering heedless of his creed
Or hue hath bent.

Blest he who looking backward and with hope before
Assured that woe and sin a sacred lore
Can bid depart.
He hath not lived for nought, but gives
The praise to Him by whom he moves and lives
With thankful heart.

DUTY, BEAUTY AND BLESSING.

Duty, beauty, blessing,
Ever found together,
Surely realizing,
Sunshine any weather.

Highly appointed union,
Beauty, joy, employment,
Imparting bliss, receiving,
Maketh lifes enjoyment.

Earthly, heavenly beauty,
Always aideth bliss,
Connected still by duty,
In such a world as this.

Dark region sorrow stricken,
Affords a field immense ;
Of possibilities for joys,
When troubles are intense.

Some beauty to create,
This happiness t' enjoy ;
Bliss to communicate,
Is earth's most bless'd employ.

United these essential,
Beauty, bliss, duty, ever
In harmony of being,
Impossible to sever,

O never may this trio,
For which earth's heart is panting ;
Be in the dim experience,
Of heav'n aspirants wanting,

Some part to take delightful,
Such privilege is ours ;
In work of beauty joyous,
Employing human powers.

Beauty and bliss may even,
In brighter climes above,
Connect with happy duty,
In acts of earnest love.

Ineffably resplendent,
In heaven's refulgent light ;
May beings ever glorious,
Mould forms of beauty bright.

Then, though some forms of duty,
On earth be left behind ;
Progresseth still the beauty,
In bliss of higher mind.

Still may the sure connexion,
Eternally endure ;
When saints have reached the region,
Where beauty is mature.

A BENEDICT TO A BACHELOR.

Don't tell me "you haven't got time"—
That other things claim your attention ;
There's not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention.
Don't tell me about "other fish,"
Your duty is done when you buy 'em ;
And you never will relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to "fry 'em."

You may dream of poetical fame,
But the story may chance to miscarry ;
The best way of sending one's name
To posterity, Charles, is to marry.
And here I am willing to own—
And soberly thinking upon it—
I'd very much rather be known
Through a beautiful son than a sonnet.

Don't be frightened at querulous stories,
By gossiping grumblers related,
Who argue that marriage a bore is,
Because they've known people mis-mated.
Such fellows, if they had their pleasure,
Because some "bad bargains" are made,
Would propose, as a sensible measure,
To lay an embargo on trade !

Then, Charles, bid your doubting good bye,
And dismiss all fantastic alarms ;
I'll be sworn you've a girl in your eye,
That you ought to have had in your arms ;

Some beautiful maiden—God bless her !
 Unencumber'd with pride or with pelf ;
 Of every true charm the possessor,
 And given to no fault—but yourself.

To Procrastination be deaf ;
 (A caution which came from above)
 The scoundrel's not only " the thief
 Of time," but of beauty and love.
 Then delay not a moment to win
 A prize that is truly worth winning :
 Celibacy, Charles, is a sin,
 And sadly prolific of sinning.

I could give you a bushel of reasons
 For choosing the " Double estate : "
 It agrees with all climates and seasons,
 Though it may be adopted *too late*.
 To one's parents 'tis (gratefully) due :
 Just think what a terrible thing
 'Twould have been, sir, for me and for you,
 If *ours* had neglected the ring.

Don't search for an " angel " a minute ;
 For suppose you succeed in the sequel,
 After all, the deuce would be in it,
 For the match would be mighty unequal.
 The angels, it must be confessed,
 In *this* world are rather uncommon ;
 And allow me, dear Charles, to suggest,
 You will be better content with a *woman*.

HAPPY MOMENTS.

We have all our happy moments—there are countless streams of bliss
 Flowing down from heaven to cheer us e'en in such a world as this,
 Like sunny gleams in April bursting through surrounding showers,
 And gladd'ning every heart with news of summer's hours.
 Life hath many happy moments, from beside a mother's knees,
 When our spirits were like aspen leaves that bend with every breeze,
 Till that second childhood, when the heart has faded like the hair,
 And a world of pleasure lies conceal'd within our easy chair.

What thousands, too, unheeded pass we easily might win,
Would we but open wide our hearts, and let the wand'ers in—
Would we but watch the fleeting things, and seize them as they fly,
And gaze upon both sides of life with calm unbiass'd eye.
But, alas ! a moment's impulse often leads our hearts astray,
And, forgetting former good, we blame the evil of to-day,
Nor think how oft the darkest nights the brightest mornings bring,
And that if we had no winter we could scarce enjoy the spring.

'Tis a sin to say this world hath more of sorrow than of joy—
That there is no trace of Eden left, no gold without alloy,
While nature opens wide her stores, when all who seek shall find,
And while our thoughts are free to roam 'mid pure delights of mind.
While fancy's wings are yet uncheck'd, and hope, life's pioneer,
Brightens our path with gleams of light from many a distant sphere—
While memory wanders by those spots where early streamlets flow,
Hoarding for us the gems we pass'd so swiftly long ago—

While love, our purest, holiest dream, is o'er our senses flung,
The idol of the poet's song, the theme of every tongue,
Whose name is like a talisman, through all our after years,
To touch the sweetest springs of life, and moisten them with tears,—
How happy must he be who, after years of doubt and pain,
Returns to find the unalter'd heart of her he loved again,
And hears her low confession of a flame pure as his own,
Oh ! that hour might for an age of dreariest yesterday atone !

And last, not least, what joys are there in friendship's name implied !
Friendship, so scorn'd by frigid hearts because by them untried ;
Perhaps they took the counterfeit to be the precious gem,
And one of earth's brightest stars shines all in vain for them.
Oh ! what a glorious world were this if men would but forgive
The trifling faults of brother-men, and in communion live !—
Earth yet might be a paradise, in spite of cynic sneers,
And happy moments be forgot in rounds of happy years.

That time will come, if there be truth in what our Bibles say,
Though we may moulder in the dust long ere that blissful day,
The workings of the world foretell to all who choose to hear,
That soon a holier dynasty shall rule this lower sphere ;
When mind, emerging from its shroud, shall prove oppression's bane,
And moral force predominate o'er sword, and gun, and chain—
When sympathy's untainted stream through every heart shall flow,
And men be happy while they strive to make each other so.

THE CASTLES WE BUILT IN AIR.

There were builders strong on the earth of old,
To-day there are planners rare ;
But never was temple, home, nor hold
Like the castles we built in air.
We piled them high through the long lone hours,
By a chill hearth's flickering brands,
Through the twilights heavy with wintry showers
That found us in stranger lands.

The store was small and the friends were few
We own'd in those building days ;
But stately and fair the fabrics grew
That no gold of earth could raise :
For time was conquered and fortune moved,
Our wishes were builders there,
And, oh ! but there gather'd guests beloved
To the castles we built in air.

No place was left for the bonds and fears,
For the lore so sagely small,
Of this gaining world that wears our years
Away in its thankless thrall.
Once more we stood in the lights that crossed
Our souls on their morning track,
And, oh ! that we had not loved or lost,
But ever the dream comes back !

It was joy to pause by the pleasant homes
That our wand'ring steps have pass'd,
Yet weary looks through the woodbine blooms
Or the wreathing vines were cast.
But there fell no age and there rose no strife,
And there never was room for care,
Where grew the flowers of our dreaming life
By the homes that we built in air.

Oh ! dark and lone have the bright hearths grown
Where our fond and gay hearts met,
For many have changed, and some are gone,
For we build the blithe homes yet.
As men have built in the date tree's shade
Ere Egypt raised her fanes—
Ere a star was named, or a brick was laid
On the old Chaldean plains.

Even thus have they framed their towers of thought
As the ages came and went;
From the fisher boy, in his Shetland boat,
To the Tartar in his tent.
And some that beyond our azure say
There are realms for hope and prayer,
Have deemed them but ling'ring by the way,
These castles we built in air — *Frances Brown.*

LOVED THE BIRDS.

"Dost love the birds?" I asked my love,
Her liquid sparkling eye,
Beamed brighter as I leaned above,
To catch the soft reply.

I love them all, my very soul
They stir with rare delight;
And joy'd was I she did extol,
What charm'd my ear and sight.

"Sweet is their song," I said, "at morn,
And sweet it is at noon,
Sweet when on evening breezes borne,
It charms our honey moon.

"And which my love do you like best,
The bobolink or dove,
Blue jay or wren or sweet red breast,
Which most delights my love?"

She paused a space in charming doubt,
Then in soft passion pale,
Through parting lips came rippling out,
In accents odd, "The quail."

The quail sings not! (surprising words),
Though oft he whistles free;
"Choose love," I said, "amongst the birds,
Songster of lawn or tree."

Then as she saw my soul recoil,
"Forgive me love," she cried,
"I fear that thou prefer'st a broil,
So be it stew'd or fried."

Again suspense o'ercast her brow,
Might be a sculptor's boast,
While she replied in accents low,
" *I love them best on toast.*"

REMARKABLE ROUGH REPENTENCE.

The remote early history of the far west settlement supplies many curious subjects for study. That age producing some very singular characters peculiarly adapted to carry on the special missionary work then and there to be accomplished. Those notable times were rich in rare incidents, worthy of record. Camp meeting occasions were always regarded with immense interest as times for making extra energetic onslaught on the enemy.

For calling together the straggling forces for service a large tin horn (the sound of which could be heard reverberating a long way in the forest) was used as "church going bell" to collect the company to worship. A robust brother of strong lungs having charge of the signal horn, was expected to attend to the duty at the proper time.

The record runs that when a certain revivalist of celebrity took up the signal horn (owing to a most profane plot successfully carried out), finding the horn heavy, and hard to make go, to summon the worshippers to service after dinner, the excited brother drew a deep long breath and lo! —he blew a strong blast of soft soap over the astonished part of the congregation already collected together before him.

It is mentioned by the narrator who gives this "item," that the blowing brother was so righteously wroth at this vile practical joke, that he cried out with a loud voice:—

"Brethering, I have passed through many trials and tribulations both before and since I entered the Kingdom, but nothing ever near like *this*. I have served in the ministry for many years, and in all this time was never provoked enough to utter a profane word, or form a violent purpose—but I'll be cussed if I can't whip the fellow that soaped that

horn, and when I catch him I *mean* that his ears shall tingle with something he may understand more fully than threats of perdition."

The service proceeded prosperously, and the circumstance had almost faded from the minds of most of the company, when, two days after the soaping of the horn, a tall swarthy villainous looking desperado strolled on the grounds and with an air of reckless unconcern leaned against a tree, listening to the preacher's eloquent exhortation to repentance. After a while the hard-looking individual seemed interested, ultimately affected, and manifestly in deep distress, took a humble position on the anxious seat and commenced groaning "in the very bottom of his soul."

The brother walked down and attempted to console the afflicted penitent.

No consolation would he let near him. "No, I am too great a sinner," he said, "far too wicked to ever find mercy."

"Oh," said the preacher, "there is pardon for the vilest."

"No," persisted the poor wretched man, "I'm *too* wicked," there was no mercy for *him*. "*No, no mercy*," he insisted.

"Why, what crime have you committed?" enquired the preacher. "Have you robbed or stolen?"

"Oh! worse than that," he said.

"What then? Have you been a drunkard and slandered some unoffending person?"

"Oh, worse than that. Worse than *that*." Again more desperately groaned the despairing one.

"Murder is it?" gasped the now horrified preacher.

"Aye, worse than that, or *that*, or *THAT*," groaned the smitten sinner.

The now still more excited preacher at once commenced pulling off his outer garments, exclaiming violently:

"Here, Bro. Cole,—here!" shouted he, "hold my coat. I do verily believe in my soul, I have found the son of sin that soaped that horn!"

JAMES KING'S PECULIAR SERMONIZING.

James was one of the emphatically "peculiar people." Intensely pious, immensely zealous, and earnestly anxious to have all his Christian friends engaged in effort to have every body else become Christian. James was considered "simple" in the ordinary sense, but scarcely any one who knew him doubted of his sincere piety. He had, however, very "peculiar" notions, and often expressed them in remarkably original style.

The text James oftenest quoted and applied with special solemnity was, "Whosoever acknowledgeth me before men," etc. And manifestly he had high appreciation of the duty inculcated in "Let your light so shine," etc.

The subject, however, on which his notable genius was made to appear in its amplest workings, was in what was known as his "*prodigal son sermon*." Here he attempted what he seemed to regard as the great business of the preacher, namely, to give hearers the additional particulars which they might wish to know, and which the original parable taken as a narrative did not fully supply. He had, moreover, a strong prejudice against what he charged as the fault of several popular preachers, "getting their sermons out of books."

James undertook to describe the comfortable mansion of the prodigal's father ; the happy home, and strict discipline of the house ; some of the rules, particularly one forbidding any of the members being late out at night—the younger son didn't like this. Then the large amount of value he received as his dividend. Then many interesting incidents of his long journey (here passed over), and graphic life sketches of some of his riotous companions, until his poverty became such as compelled him to the swine feeding. Here are brought out the extremes of the prodigal's woe-begone condition ; his funds all wasted, clothes worn to rags, body badly delapidated, health *bad*, character *bad*, feelings *bad*, prospects *bad*, connections *bad*, so uniformly *bad* all the items that made up his condition, *so bad ! so horribly bad !* that (and this he seemed to see as the climax of the wretched

young man's misery) there was not a decent girl in the country would turn her head to look at the side of the road where he walked.

The mighty power of imagination comes then into the very minute detail of particulars in connection with the blessed return. James rather censured the stupidity of some preacher who had ventured to suggest that the fatted calf had been kept for *several years*, fattening all the time since the son's departure, in hopes of his return. But he believed that the great feast had many *other* varieties of young fowl besides the calf.

Then that "other son in the sulks" comes in for a scathing censure as envious, overbearing, and hardly as like his father after all, as the young scapegrace. But the personal appearance of the father as well as his heart tenderness may be regarded as the master piece production of imagination which must vindicate James' clear claim to originality.

The loving parent is described as "*a little old man, blind of an eye.*" This, it is suggested, may be reasonably inferred from the recorded fact that he saw his son "*afar off.*"

Then the *touching* meeting—the son hobbling along, the old man's light-footed race, and the fall on the *stiff* but now *bent* neck, and "the talk of them two on the way home. Oh! the home! the *home*! and the joy! and this only the little porch to the great eternal home!"

James (many a time referred to as "*poor James*") is gone to that home which his attempts to describe, after all sim-pleton as he was, may be about as right as some more correctly worded would-be descriptions. His figures got mixed up with his feelings. It was his "*Father's home.* Brighter than the sun but not dazzling. No clouds and so no *rain*, but rainbow, and saints shall *reign* as kings and priests—that's the kind of reign!" He had met, he said, *one* wise advice in a book outside of the Bible to some one who had asked a curious question about the sort of place heaven is? The answer was to the effect that the best way by far to secure the right knowledge wanted thereon, would be to live so as to "make sure to get there, and see and find out correctly to the fullest satisfaction."

James' efforts to comprehend the mysteries of grammar were far from crowned with marked success. He felt disposed to correct the speaker who would say this *is*, and would have it, this *are* the two-mile stone, he said two were plural. He was very charitably disposed, and willing that people should have wide divergence of opinions on such wide subjects as astronomy, etc., so as faith, love, and conduct coincided rightly. James said he had often seen and heard of many good people having a hard struggle to get through the world, but felt sure no one ever sticks fast in it. "Only force your way," he would say, "face Zionward, onward ! homeward !"

Of skill, of little worth, James little had,
But he had knowledge made his spirit glad.
He practiced well the precious truth he knew,
Fought the good fight, kept faith, got safely through.

BRUDDER JULIUS CÆSAR SERMONIZING.

The good Brudder was so often perplexed with what he had so often heard of (dividing a text) as a necessity towards *success* in the art of preaching proper. But he had on the other hand a strong persuasion that to "*divide*" a text was to weaken it, and to this he entertained serious objections. However thinking that system in sermon making was very desirable he had by intense study discovered a plan of arrangement or "making *heads* on his discourse" and his mode of doing it had this important and peculiar advantage, that whatever text he took he had now found the same general heads would answer every time.

After the introduction, which could be always raised from some immediate circumstance—he announced : " Now in de firs' place I'se gwin to 'splain dis her tex ; second I's argufy de subjec ob de same ; furd I's bound to lustrify de obscurities ob de passage ; and in de fort and lass place I puts on de powerful rousin's.

Good brudder Julius unfortunately had not learned to read, and was obliged either to learn off his text, or some-

times he got a reading Brudder to go with him to give out the tex at meeting.

Now having his heads of discourse already prepared, he did not see it so necessary to study up the portion beforehand, moreover he had often found that when he did not take time to think up what to have ready to say, and when he came to want it he discovered it wasn't near so ready as when it came to him *first*, so he thought he would try the preaching without any previous preparation, accordingly as preacher and reading brudder were going to appointment, they held a conversation on the subject.

"Where be I gwin to read de tex dis time?" Enquired the assistant.

"In de Bible certain." Responded the preacher.

"But what be de ticklar place?"

"All de same ebery tex good nuff."

"But dar de Kronickless ob great jaw-breakin' names, wud tak big doctor ob de divinity to preach. *How dat?*"

"Neber you mind, you read de tex."

"Ob de long names. Eh?"

"Berry well, de be good names. I want you *read* de tex."

They proceeded accordingly, and when the proper time arrived, reading brudder opened at the 22nd chapter of Genesis, and read 21, 22 and 23 verses.

"Huz his firstborn, and Buz his brother, and Kemual the father of Aram and Chased and Hazo and Pildash and Jidlah and Bethuel. . . . These eight Milcah did bear to Nahor, Abraham's brother."

On which Brother Julius proceeded.

"Now belobed we are bound to consider our mercies, and our many blessins, jus' look den! we hab our flocks and our herds and our comforts, and our hearts filled wid food and gladness. Mo'ning and eb'ning we can—yes! one ob ye can take out yer pail and milk our cows, and our wants are all supplied. But my brederen, in de days ob good ole Nahor and Abraham, an' Buz an' Huz de case was different. For as ye hav jis heerd "*dees eight* did milk a bear," see it ook *eight* ob dem to milk a bear, and I bet dey didn't get much at dat. How ought we to be countable, for we be a libin in dis inlignen age ob de world."

WEATHER JUDGE PLEASED.

The only man I know, who is always pleased with the weather is Judge Pitman. No matter what the condition of the atmosphere, he is contented and happy, and willing to affirm at any given moment, that the state of things is the very best that can be desired.

In summer, when the mercury boiled among the nineties, the judge would come to the front door with beads of perspiration standing out all over his red face, and would look at the setting sky, and say "splendid ! perfectly *splendid* ! ! Noble weather for the poor, and the ice companies and the washerwomen ! I never saw such magnificent time for drying clothes. They don't shake up any such climate as this in Italy. Bring my umbrella here Harriet, while I set out on the steps and enjoy it."

In the winter, when the mercury should creep down fifteen below zero, and the cold was intense enough to freeze the inside of Vesuvius solid to the centre of the globe, Pitman would sit out on the fence and exclaim. "By gracious, Alder ! did you ever see such weather as this ? I do like such an atmosphere, that freezes up your very marrow ; it helps the coal trade, an' gives us such good skeetin,' so don't talk of summer time to me, give me cold and give it to me stiff."

When there was a drought, Pitman used to meet me in the street, and remark in his charming manner. "No rain yet, I see, magnificent ! isn't it ? I do want my weather dry. I want it with the damp left out. Moisture, it seems to me, breeds fevers an' ague, an' ruins any boots. If there is anything I despise, it's to carry about a troublesome umbrella. No rain for me if you please."

When it rained for a week and flooded the country, the judge would drop in and observe, "I don't know how you feel about this here rain, but it seems to me that the heavens never drop blessings thick but when we have a long wet spell, it makes the corn jump, an' cleans out the sewers, an' keeps the springs from running dry. I wouldn't be paid to live in a climate where there wasn't rain, put me on the

Nile country and I would die in a week ; soak me through to the inside of my bones, and I begin to feel as if life was bright and beautiful, and worldly sorrow of no account.

Then on a showery day, when the sun shone brightly out one moment, and the next the rain poured in torrents, the judge has been noticed to stand at his window, exclaiming, " Harriet, if you had asked me now how I liked the weather, I'd 'ave said, just as it is coming this day. What I want, is weather that is beautifully streaked, like a nice piece of fat and lean bacon, a little shine and a little rain, mix 'em up an' give us plenty of both, an' I'm your man."

The judge is always particularly happy in a thunderstorm. One day after the lightning had knocked down two of his best apple trees, and splintered them into fragments, and the storm had torn his chimney to pieces, I went over to see him, and found him standing by the prostrate remnants of trees. He at once pleasantly remarked, " did you ever know of a man having such luck as this ? I was just thinkin' to chop down them two trees to-morrow, and that chimney never draw'd well—I had a mind to have it rebuilt ; an' that gorgeous old storm has almost fixed things just the way I want 'em ; put me in a real thunderstorm an' let the lightnin' play around *me* an' I am at home ; I'd rather have one out an' out storm that would tear the bowels out of the American continent, than a dozen of your dribblin' waterin' pot showers. If I can't have a rippin' roarin' storm, I don't want any ! Let it be deserving the name of *storm*, then I say *storm* be it.

Finally it is reported (but this is doubted). That one day the judge was on his roof, and in the act of fixing a shingle, when a tornado lifted him off, carried him a quarter of a mile, and dashed him with such terrible force against a fence that his leg was broken. As they carried him home he opened his eyes languidly, and said. " Immortal Moses ! what a storm that was ! When it does blow it suits me if it blows *hard*, I'd give both legs if we could only have a squall up to that every day. I—I—I ;" and then he felt too weak to explain his intense admiration of a real hurricane.

FACING THE FIERCE FIEND.

A youth of thoughtless daring mood
Before the dark soothsayer stood,
And made the rash demand,
"I've come he said, to see the worst
Of all the infernal powers accursed,
The *chieftain* of that band."

"And hast thou nerve enough?" now said
That gray old wizard, o'er whose head
The stormy years had rolled.

"And wilt thou risk to view," he cried.
"The fell foul fiend that Heaven defied,
Art thou indeed so bold?"

"Say, darest thou with unshrinking gaze
Sustain, rash youth, the withering blaze
Of that unearthly eye
That blasts where'er it lights—The breath
That like the simoon scatters death
On all subject to die.

Darest thou confront that fearful form
That reigns in ruthless whirlwind storm
The reckless raging revel,
The terrors of that wrathful brow,
High angel once, but ruined now.
Dost thou dare face the devil?"

"I dare," the desperate youth replied,
And stepped firm to the wizard's side,
In fierce and frantic glee,
Unblanched his cheek, and firm his limb,
"No petty juggling fiend, but him,
Himself, I want to see!"

"In all his gorgon terrors clad,
His worst, his fullest form!" The lad
Rejoined in reckless tone.

"Have then thy wish!" the old man said,
And sighed and shook his hoary head,
With many a bitter groan.

He drew the mystic circle's bound
With skull and crossbones dire around,
As in death's picture shown.

He trod the mystic circle there,
And muttered many a backward prayer,
That sounded like a curse.
"He comes!" cried he with wild grimace,
The foulest of Appolyon's race.
Then in the startled youthful face
He dashed an *empty purse*!

SOME ORATORIAL FLIGHTS AND FLOUNDERINGS.

Instances are on record of high aims and exalted aspirations for celebrity as orators, falling so flat as to attain to almost as extensive notoriety of another kind.

A would-be preacher, notable at least for one essential element of the successful public speaker, confidence, once discoursing on the "expansive and extensive" character of the human mind, said, "Yes, my intellectual friends, the mind of man is so superior in its expansiveness, that it can soar from satchellite to satchellite, from seraphene to seraphene, and from cherrybeam to cherrybeam, and from thence to the centre of the doom of heaven, and yet be only starting on the threshold of the immensity of its indubitable flights."

An original orator once put into his sermon, "Could I place one foot upon the sea and the other upon the Georgian Sidus, dip my tongue into the livid lightnings and throw my voice into the mighty bellowing thunder, I would wake the world with the loud command, 'Repent! turn! seek salvation!'"

An ambitious friend, admiring that as extra sublime in the pulpit, tried to take the same flight, saying, "Could I place my one foot on—upon—ah,—the sea—ah!—and the other one—a-hem—on Georgehim Sediwis—ah, a-hem—I'd howl round this little world,—ah, a-hem"—and here he lost the elevated thread of his discourse.

A modern preacher of considerable popularity, among many other fanciful pictures drawn for the entertainment of his audience represented "an angel of light running on a rainbow with a great basket of stars in each hand."

Another of good descriptive power, preaching about heaven and its wonderful glory, and to show off the absurdity of Swedenborg's ideas on the subject—drew a graphic picture of the Swedenborgian heaven with its "beautiful fields, fine horses, cows, handsome ladies, all the effulgent elegance and gorgeous adornments and luxuries," etc.

In the midst of his glowing description, a good old sister quite carried away with the magnificent scene, went into raptures and shouted, "Glory! glory! *glory!*"

A witness declares the preacher was so thoroughly disconcerted, that he paused, seeming hardly to know what next to attempt, until the good brother on the stand behind him came promptly to his relief and cried out to the excited shouter:

"Hold on there, sister—you are shouting over the wrong heaven."

POETIC PERCEPTIONS.

Sometimes one says, "I should like to understand poetry; I do like to read and repeat it, but I cannot tell what it means." Dear friend, some things go under the title of poetry which are incomprehensible to us all, to wise and foolish alike. But the way to understand true poetry—that of nature, at least—is to love the beauty of which it is the picture and the song. The best poetry is simple and natural as life itself; and by listening to the sweet voices which are always floating unheeded on the air, you will feel what it is through all your being. Only keep eye and heart open, and never let it be possible for you to scorn or neglect the least thing that God has made. Look for poetry, and you will find it everywhere—in the fairy-cup moss under your feet in the wood-land footpaths, in the song of the robin, in the patter of the rain on the roof, in the first rosy cloud on

the horizon at dawn, and the last that fades out in the west at sunset. For poetry is written all over the earth by a Divine hand, before it can get into books. The Creator is the great poet. All that is beautiful to eye or ear is His hand-writing. Wherever a bud opens, a rivulet slips along its pebbly path, or a leaf-shadow dances in the sunshine, there He has written a poem which He meant should be read with delight, by every intelligent being. The poet impatient of the lower spheres of scientific investigation in his efforts to read farther, takes unrestrained flight into immensity. Fancy tries its powers to picture forms of beauty and sublimity—the minute and the stupendous are brought to view. Poetic perception revels in the grandeur of the combinations and formations of omnipotent active fancy. “Can man imagine more than God can do?” The captivated mind yields to these exquisite beauties as images of the true, and accepts them as at least partially representing the works of the Almighty. “The invisible things being seen by the things that are made.”

Imperial sky and blushing rose
Their sacred mystery disclose—
The source or life which gives the power
To the broad sky and glowing flower.
Immortal life pervades the whole :
A mystic, thinking, planning soul
Embraces air, the sea, the land,
The farthest star, the grain of sand ;
Infinite in the sun's far whirl,
Infinite in the tendril's curl.
Surveying only fraction ends
Of systems which all thought transcends,
Strong reason reels and mind is mute,
The infinite beyond and the minute.
While from what now with awe we see,
We turn to what is yet to be.
Take flight beyond all systems seen,
All that hath yet discovered been,
Or worlds by telescope pursued,
Or dwarf bewildered fancy view'd.
Onward in space, onward in time,
In views poetic, high, sublime,

Poetic ardor roams at large
And new creations takes in charge.
Of time and space regardless quite,
Ordains, perceives, by its own light.
On high discovery intent,
Imperative commands consent.

Creation has but reached its morn,
But yesterday the suns were born.
The cosmic morning's growing blaze
Rolls outward o'er chaotic maze ;
The foam of new creations pours
In light along night's silent shores,
Drives back the line with rhythmic beat
Where chaos and creation meet,
Each bubble of the spreading zone
A solar system like our own.
Through drifting æons grows the tide
Of morning, spreading far and wide,
While dazzled thought sinks helpless back,
Follows in vain the morning's track,
Then turns in faith to that great Son,
The unknown, comprehending One,
Who, from His uncreated place,
Pours universes into space.
Of order, force, of life, of God,
Epitomized in this green sod.
While suns this Life of life obey,
Man as obedient as they ;
Ever would soar to greater height,
See broader skies and clearer light,
Draw nearer to the central Power
Which kindles stars, and paints the flower.

THRILLING RESCUE.

Hark ! Hark ! the bugles stirring note,
And hark that ringing cheer,
This is the cavalry parade,
The grandest of the year.

Loud neigh and snort of pawing steed,
And clash and flash of steel,
Resounding shout of stern command,
And martial music's peal.

The morning sun with splendor gilds
The grand and brilliant sight,
And thrice ten thousand gleaming blades
Flash back the dazzling light.

Behold in eager loyal haste
To greet the imperial train ;
A gallant squadron of hussars
Sweeps swiftly o'er the plain.

Hark ! from amongst the gazers on,
A wild heart rending cry ;
In anguish, terror and dismay,
The startled crowd espy

An infant innocence at play,
Heedless of danger bold ;
Fearless in front of charging host,
A child scarce three years old.

On comes the troop with headlong rush,
That lights a startled world
As meteor-flash or crashing bolt
From lowering storm cloud hurled.

A shudder of horror thrills the throng,
As they madly gallop by ;
For the warning cry has come too late,
The dear little one must die.

The mother shrieks in wild despair,
For she feels her darling's pain ;
Her crushed heart aches at each dreadful blow
The hard hoofs beat her brain.

To a brave hussar in the foremost line
Comes the thought of a daring plan,
"Tis a dangerous deed, but it may succeed ;
I ought, I must, I can."

Forward he bends, one strong hand grasps
Firmly the twisted mane :
Nor trusted stirrup nor girth nor strap
Yield to the sudden strain.

His tall plume trails in the rising dust,
As he swings by his charger's side,
He seizes the child, yet the rushing rank
Is unbroken, as on they ride.

Heaven aids the arm that the strong heart nerves
Dashing on, the horses go,
But the brave man bears the rescued child
Safe on his saddle bow.

Now sorrow and sobs are exchanged for joy ;
And shouts that rend the air ;
The long line halts, salutes, and stands
Before the imperial pair.

And royalty hastes to joyfully join
In the plaudits so well won ;
To honor the hero, and greet the praise
Of a deed so nobly done.

While the echoing shouts of wild applause
Ring back from distant hills,
Yet a happiness greater higher—delight
The brave man's bosom fills.

His rich reward is the glad love light
That kindles her tearful face
And pallid brow, as the mother clasps
Her babe in her fond embrace.

That fervent look of unuttered joy ;
Those grateful tears that start,
And the tremulous, deep, " God bless you sir !"
That bursts from her heaving heart.

F. S. S.

HEROINE HULDAH.

"That storm is fierce," said the fisher old,
"And the wind is wild," the fisher said,
The rocks are sharp and the shore is bold,
Out round the point of Marblehead.

But not a pilot ventured out,
So fierce was the storm, the wind so wild ;
The daring pilot, swarthy and stout,
Still thought of home, and his wife and child.

So the fisher waited by the shore,
Beholding the waves and the breakers' din,
Observing at dark 'midst that tempest's roar,
The gallant ships come dashing in.

"There is no pilot at sea to-night,"
Said Abner Jackson, the sailor's son.
While over the water appeared the light,
And booming crash : 'twas the signal gun.

Up spoke Huldah, the fisher's wife,
Stern, stout and brave, of the fishing coast,
"Where is the pilot? every life
Is saved if he only is at his post."

"Mercy, they are fetching past the land,
On to the point, they'll strike the rock,"
Cried a voice in terror, close at hand ;
Then shriek, and crash, and rending shock.

"Man the life-boat !" No one stirred.
Over the din of the wind and wave,
Over the tempest's strife was heard
"Save !" but what human hand could save?

Clinging madly to the wave-washed deck,
Men and women in wild despair,
Sent this wild pleading from off the wreck,
Shuddering forth on the startled air.

Then spoke forth Huldah the fisher's wife,
"Is there no *man* will to save them dare,
Will ye so worthless, risk no life,
While they plead so in their wild despair?

"Shame! is it so? then a woman's hand
Shall do the deed ye dare not try!
Who will go with me from off the land?"
"I will!" "and I!" "and I!" "and I!"

There they stood in the evening light,
Down to the boat with oars in hand,
Five brave women—a braver sight
Seldom is seen by sea or land.

Up spoke gruffly, old fisher Ben,
Hardy old Triton of the sea,
"Man that boat! Such sight, my men,
Never on earth was seen by me.

"All we can do at worst is die,
And that is much better," old Triton said,
"Than to live as cowards beneath the eye
Of the daring women of Marblehead."

Out past the point, where mountains high,
Crested billows in foam fierce toss'd,
Sometimes plain on the starry sky,
Sometimes to sight entirely lost.

Round the point, on the dashing wave
They reach the rock and gain the wreck.
Every life they came to save,
Safe is taken in time from the deck.

And now strain hard, the land is near,
Each hand presses a bending oar.
Shout, companions, cheer, ho, cheer—
Shout, for they all have reached the shore.

VERY FINE DRAWN THEORY, AND IF SO.

A thoughtful theorizing philosopher declares as a fact, that a little microscopic insect, far too small for unassisted human sight to discover basking in the summer sun rejoicing in its new found power, and fluttering unobserved in the air, by each flap of its invisible wings sets atmospheric

wavelets in motion that shall radiate and not cease until they have stirred at least the whole of the atmosphere encompassing the earth.

So the thoughtful philosopher saith, then if so,
Little wavelets of bliss, or vibrations of woe
If small influence flood may so far forward flow,
And but once put in motion still onward must go,
'Tis well worth one's while to have ever in mind,
To keep on raising ripples of right gladsome kind,
That the world's joyous wavelets may rush on and increase,
So that overpowered, woeful commotions must cease.
Sad vibrations of sorrow long wide on earth moving,
Must recede then before active wavelets of loving,
And so forced off to regions remote, far in space,
May not find in earth's bliss-moving atmosphere place.

O Benificent Father, permit me the joy,
Thus to counter-thrill evil, my powers to employ,
Constant wavelets of love o'er earth's troubled expanse,
And the pure and the happy still so to advance,
As to somewhat from evil disturbances free it.
Thus to happify somewhat, my privilege be it,
Unceasingly making my small contribution,
Amid sad commotion and seeming confusion,
To continually keep earnest moving in this,
Passing out on high mission some wavelets of bliss.

THE BRIGHT SIDE THE RIGHT SIDE.

Oh ! let's look if we can to the bright side,
Though the dark one seem nearest us still,
For be sure that the bright is the right side,
If it helps us through sorrow and ill.

Though the cloud that has threatened to blind us
When we hoped to have seen it go past,
It will not be the worse if it find us
Still trying to hope to the last.

Oh, the heart that with ardent endeavors,
Still hopes in the midst of its woes,
Is the heart of a hero, and ever
Makes sunny the path where it goes.

Then each cloud, though it angrily lowers,
Has a silvery lining beneath,
And the thorns that lie hid in the flowers,
Do but brighten the tints of the wreath.

So let's look while we can at the bright side,
Though the dark one seems nearest us still,
For surely the bright is the right side,
For it helps us through sorrow and ill.

BAFFLED SEARCH FOR ORTHODOX BAPTISM.

The chief pastime in which Rev. Mr. Erksine indulged was playing on the violin. Indeed, so addicted to the use of this instrument was he, that some people believed he must have composed his sermons to his tunes, and several curious incidents are on record connected with Bro. Erksine's peculiar fancy for such music. It is related on the good authority of tradition that a poor man of a neighboring parish, having a child to baptize, came to the conclusion not to employ his own clergyman, Rev. A. Strong, with whom he was at issue on some points of orthodoxy, but to have the baptism performed by some minister of whose doctrines *fame* gave more favorable report.

With the infant in his arms, therefore, and accompanied by the proper complement of old and young friends, he proceeded to the manse of Rev. A. Drummond, a reputed sound divine, a distance of some few miles, and anxiously inquired if "the clergyman was at hame?"

"No, he's no jist in the noo," answered the servant lass; "he's doon the burn, fishin', but I can cry him in."

"Ye needna fash nair gie yersel' the trouble," replied the rather excited and wearied parent, quite shocked at this ac-

count of the minister's habits ; " nane o' your fishin' ministers is tae baptize ony bairn o' mine."

Off then once more trudged the sorely disappointed man followed by his whole distressed train to the residence of another clergyman, at the distance of several fatiguing miles further on. Here inquiring " if the minister was at hame?" the lass o' the hoos answered :—

" Deed sir ! he's no at hame the day ; he's been oot syne sax o'clock i' the morn awa' shootin,' an' I dinna think ye need be waitin' fir him neither, fir he'll be sae din oot when he comes in that he'll no be able to be at his duties, let be baptizin' weans !"

" Did ye say *wait* sae?" cried the man in a tone expressive of indignation and scorn, " wad I *wait*, dae ye think, tae haud up my bairn before a minister that gangs oot at sax i' the morn tae shoot God Almighty's creatures? Nae ! nae !! I'll awa' doon tae guid Mr. Erksine at Dunfarlin,' if it was twice as far there ; he'll no be oot neither fishin' nor shootin', I'll be bound fir him !"

Another time the whole (now tired out) baptismal train set off the long farther distance, sure that the " faither o' the Secession," although then not a settled minister, would at least be engaged in no unclerical sports or outlandish practices to render him incapable of performing the sacred ordinance of " baptism o' the bairn."

On at last arriving at the Rev. Mr. Erksine's manse which they did rather late in the evening, the anxious parent, on rapping at the door, anticipated that even *he* might not be " *at hame*" any more than his brethren, " but if awa' certain it wad be on some very proper performance of ministerial duty." Anticipating such misfortune, he ventured by way of enquiry to say, as he hesitatingly addressed with almost a sly smile, the trim-like lass that answered his application, " The minister 'll *no be at hame* ! or," hinted he, "*yer lad* wadna be playin' ye at that gait on the fiddle," (which he distinctly heard sounding from within).

" Yes, the minister *is* at hame," quickly responded the lass, " mair by token ye can hear him playin', honest mon,

he aye tak's a tune at neight afore gaun to bed. An' share there's nae '*lad*' o' *mine* can play that gait, *I'm share* it wad be somethin' to hae ony o' them as *could* !"

"Eh ! *thot* the minister?" cried the now bewildered, fairly done out father, in a degree of astonishment and horror transcending all he had expressed or experienced on either of the former occasions, "if it hae come to *this* !—if *he* plays the *fiddle* ! what may the rest o' them *no* dae ?—weel, weel, I fairly gie them up a'thegither ; I hae travelled the hail lang day in search o' a godly minister, an' niver mon met wi' mair disappointments in a day's journey. I'll tell ye what, gude wife," he said, turning to the disconsolate party behind him, "we'll just awa' roun about *back* to oor ain sedate minister after a' ! If he's nae a'thegither soun in doctrine (and it's true he's *nae*) but let him be what he likes in orthodoxy, I niver did ken him to fish, or shoot, or play the fiddle in a' his days. Sae we'll jist let him baptize the puir bairn his ain way. Wha kens the certainty o' opinions ? But waes me ! sic practices !—a fiddler minister !—what next may become o' orthodoxy !"

PARAMOUNT POINTS OF PIETY.

To pray unto God continually,
To learn to know Him rightfully,
To serve Him alway holily,
To love Him alway steadfastly,
To praise Him alway worthily,
To trust Him alway faithfully,
To obey Him alway willingly,
To accept His blessings thankfully,
To bow to His will submissively,
To await His providence patiently ;
To use my neighbor honestly,
To resist temptation sternly,
To fight against evil courageously,
To persevere in duty persistently,
To guard my lips consistently,

To aid in relieving misery,
 To honor one God in Trinity,
 The Father in His majesty,
 The Son in His humanity,
 The Holy Ghost's benignity,
 The ever blessed Deity,
 To have faith, hope and charity.
 To look for Heaven's felicity,
 To count this life but vanity—
 Be points of Christianity.

[Modified from old author.]

GRANNIE'S MEETIN' FOLKS NOTION.

Dear old grannie is with us no longer,
 Her hair, that was white as the snow,
 Was smooth settled one morning for ever
 On her head ly.ing quiet and low.

Her spent hand left the Bible wide open,
 To show us the road she had trod,
 With waymarks distinctly to tell us
 The path she had gone up to God.

Not great other learning had grannie,
 She guess'd not the path of the stars,
 Nor ought of the comet's wide cycle,
 Or of Nebula's dim distant bars.

But she knew how the wise men adoring,
 Saw a star in the east long ago,
 And had learned how the first Christmas anthem,
 Came down to the Shepherds below.

And she too had a *test* I remember,
 For people whoe'er they might be,
 Whenever we spoke of the strangers
 Around, or far over the sea,

Of "Laura," and "Lizzie," or "Jennie;"
 Or stately old "Essiby Oakes,"
 She listened, then whispered *it* softly,
 "My dear, and are these *meetin' folks*?"

When our Johnnie went off to the city,
With merchants whom all the world knew
To be sober and honest great people,
For dear grannie this all would not do,

Till she pulled Johnnie's sleeve in the twilight,
To be certain before he had gone,
And he smiled as he heard her sage question,
"Are you *sure* they are *meetin'* folks, John?"

And when Minnie returned home from somewhere,
Having left heart and happiness there,
I saw her close kneeling by grannie,
With dear old wrinkled hands in her hair.

Then amid the low sobs of the lover,
Came softly the tremulous tone,
"He wasn't like *meetin'* folks, Minnie,
My dear child, you are better alone."

Still, 'midst various knarl'd knotty questions,
As in choosing a husband or wife,
Dear old grannie would always put *her-one*,
Regarding relations in life.

And while now from the corner we miss her,
And we hear that reminder no more,
Still distinct, unforgotten, the echo
Comes back from the far away shore.

Until sophistry slinks in the corner,
Though charity high has her due,
Yet we *eel* if we want to *meet* grannie,
'Twere best to be *meetin'* folks too.

THE COMING DAY.

Day braver bards have dared to sing
Far off seem hours that swiftly bring
Yet while they wait with folded wing,
Forward, their glowing flush they fling.
Yes! cheerful omens gild the skies,
For hopeful hearts and peering eyes,

Bright truth full-orbed hasteth to rise,
 Long looked for by the good and wise.
 The coming day earth yet must see,
 Else wherefore should this longing be,
 This heart aspiring to be free?
 Index of looming liberty.
 The hopeful eye is victory,
 The holy thought is prophecy ;
 Glad we dare believe it near,
Let us aid to bring it here.

Haste welcome day when o'er the expectant earth
 Unclouded truths effulgent orb shall pour
 Bright universal rays of heavenly birth,
 And one glad song shall peal from every shore.
 Then from the fane of holy light sublime
 Shall sacred peace with deepening current flow
 In streams of wide expanse, thro' ev'ry clime ;
 And calmly bright, beneath the ethereal glow,
 Reflect the scenes above, upon its breast below.

• ONE DUTY AT ONCE.

One, by one, thy duties wait thee,
 Put thy strength, entire to each,
 Let, not future dreams elate thee,
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

One, by one, thy griefs shall meet thee,
 Treat them not as armed band,
 One will fade, while others greet thee,
 Passing shadows o'er the land.

Look not at life's long *sum-sorrow*,
 See how small each sep'rate pain ;
 Heaven to help thee for each morrow,
 Then for next begin again.

One by one, bright gifts from Heaven ;
 Joys come to thee here below,
 Take them thankfully when given,
 Nor reluctant let them go.

Do not linger sad, regretting,
Nor for passing ills despond,
Nor thy present work forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching heaven one by one,
Take heed, lest the chain be broken,
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

Each pearl period, fleeting slowly,
Has its task to do or bear,
Lum'nous for thy crown, and holy,
Only set *each* gem with care.

A TALK WITH MYSELF.

BERNARD BARTON.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
And myself replied to me ;
And the questions myself then put to myself,
With their answers, I give to thee.
Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself,
Their responses the same should be,
Oh ! look well to thyself, and be aware of thyself,
Or so much the *worse* for thee.

What are Riches ? Hoarded treasures
May, indeed, thy coffers fill ;
Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,
Leave thee poor and heartless still.

What are Pleasures ? When afforded
But by gauds which pass away,
Read their fate in lines recorded
On the sea-sands yesterday.

What is Fashion ? Ask of Folly,
See her worth can best express.
What is moping Melancholy ?
Go and learn of Idleness.

What is Friendship? If well founded,
Like some beacon's heavenward glow ;
If on false pretensions grounded,
Like the treacherous sand below.

What is Love? If earthly only,
Like a meteor of the night ;
Shining but to leave more lonely
Hearts that hailed its transient light :

What are Hopes? But gleams of brightness,
Glancing darkest clouds between !
Or foam-crested waves, whose whiteness
Gladdens ocean's darksome green.

What are Fears? Grim phantoms, throwing
Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way,
Every moment darker growing,
If we yield unto their sway.

What is Mirth? A flash of lightning,
Followed but by deeper gloom.
Patience? More than sunshine brightening
Sorrow's path, and labor's doom.

What is Truth? Too stern a preacher
For the prosperous and the gay !
But a safe and wholesome teacher
In Adversity's dark day.

What is Time? A river flowing
To Eternity's vast sea,
Forward, whither all are rowing,
On its bosom bearing thee.

What is Life? A bubble floating
On that silent, rapid stream ;
Few, too few its progress noting,
Till it bursts, and ends the dream.

Can these truths, by repetition,
Lose their magnitude or weight ?
Estimate thine own condition,
Ere thou pass the final gate.

Hast thou heard them oft repeated,
Much may still be left to *do*;
Be not by profession cheated;
Live—as if thou knewest them *true*.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
And myself replied to me;
And the questions myself then put to myself,
With their answers, I've given to thee.
Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
Their responses the same should be,
Oh! look well to thyself, and take heed to thyself,
And much the better for thee.

LAW OF LOVE.

Keep pouring forth the oil of love,
It will not fail until
Thou ailest vessels to provide
Which it may bounteous fill.

But if at any time you cease
Outgoings to provide,
The very founts of love so full
Forthwith are parched up dried.

Make outlets for the flow of love
Where it may broadly run,
Love still hath overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

So must we share if we would have
This blessing from above
Ceasing to give—cease to possess
Such is the *law* of love.

R. C. J.

FIGHT IT OUT.

A particularly interesting little girl, some would say shrewd or smart little one, sat at the table and took quite as large a share in the table talk as might be considered consistent with the possession of a large share of bashfulness. The company consisting of about equal numbers male and female, every one seemed so like having a partner only one gentleman, a guest at the house, appearing somewhat lonely as there didn't appear to be a spare lady present. The little Miss rather pertly proposed the inquiry to Mr. Johnston

"Where is your wife?"

The abrupt form of interrogation direct, taking Mr. J. rather by surprise, along with the awkward fact that he and the partner of his life had quarrelled and separated, and this unfortunate affair being known to the present company the embarrassed man stammered out the simple plain truth

"I don't know."

"Don't know" responded his youthful innocent tormenter.

"And why don't you know?"

Finding no chance of escape from the interrogation under all the circumstances, he concluded to make a clean breast of the matter and have it over at once. So bracing himself up to the task with all the calmness he could command, "Well the truth is we don't live together," and anticipating a natural further inquiry as to the why and wherefore, he proceeded to explain:—"We thought as we couldn't agree we'd better not try and so we agreed not to agree."

When he got so far it was evident he had not yet got through with the ordeal. He stifled a groan as the dear child began again (earnestly looking over towards her parents and back) "can't agree? Then why don't you fight it out like as pa and ma do?"

The embarrassment had crossed the table. Pa and ma exchanged glances of momentary horror, then the clouds dispersed, and no doubt the company felt impressed with

the conviction which the interesting little girl will be convinced of some day too—that it does not do well always to talk of everything, at every time, and before everybody.

NOT LIKING TO HEAR HIM.

I do not like to hear him pray
Who loans for twenty-five per cent,
For then I think the borrower may
Be pressed to pay for food and rent.
And in the book we all should heed,
Which says the lender shall be blest
As sure as I have eyes to read
It does not say "take interest."

I do not like to hear him pray
On bended knees about an hour
For grace to spend aright the day,
Who knows his neighbour has no flour ;
I'd rather see him go to mill
And buy the luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill,
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray
" Let blessings on the widow be !"
Who never seeks her home to say,
" If want o'ertakes you, come to me."
I hate the prayer so loud and long,
That's offered for the Orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with the lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear her pray,
With jewelled ear and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day,
And then is asked to " work for less."
Such pious shavers I despise ;
With folded hands and face demure.
They lift to heaven their " angel eyes,"
And steal the earning from the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers ;
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven ;
No angel's wing them upward bear—
They're lost a million miles from heaven
I cannot like long prayers to hear,
And studied from the lips depart ,
Our Father bends a ready ear,
Let words be low ; he hears the heart.

EARTH'S ANGELS.

Why come not spirits from the realms of glory,
To visit earth, as in the days of old—
The times of sacred writ and ancient story—
Is heaven more distant ? or has earth grown cold !

Oft have I gazed when sunset clouds, receding,
Waved the rich banners of a host gone by,
To catch the gleam of some white pinion speeding
Along the confines of the glowing sky.

And oft, when midnight stars in distant chillness
Were calmly burning, listened late and long :
But nature's pulse beat on in solemn stillness,
Bearing no echo of the seraph's song.

To Bethlehem's heir was their last anthem given,
When other stars before The One grew dim ?
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison ?
Or where exulting martyrs raised their hymn ?

And are they all within the vail departed ?
There gleams no wing along the empyrean now ;
And many a tear from human eyes has started,
Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.

No ! earth has angels, though their forms are moulded
But of such clay as fashions all below ;
Though harps are wanting, and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels, by the sick one's pillow ;
Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread,
Where smitten hearts were drooping, like the willow,
They stood "between the living and the dead."

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,
Beheld no hovering cherubim in the air,
I doubted not—for spirits knew their kindred—
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison :
In crowded halls ; by the lone widow's hearth ;
And where they passed, the fallen have uprisen—
The giddy paused—the mourner's hopes had birth.

Oh, many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft, with pinions unimpeded.
And wear its glory, like a starry crown.

USE OF LIFE.

Though we climb fame's proudest height,
Though we sit above afar,
Where the thrones of triumph are ;
Though all deepest mysteries be open to our sight,
If we win not by that power
For the world another dower—
If this great Humanity share not in our gain,
We have lived our life in vain.

Though we revel in sweet dreams ;
Though with poet's eye we look
Full on Nature's open book,
And our spirits wander, singing with the birds and streams ;
If we let no music in
To the world of grief and sin—
If we draw no spirit heavenward by the strain,
We have lived our life in vain.

Though our lot be calm and bright ;
Though upon our brows we wear
Noble grace, and beauty rare,
And the hours go swiftly, singing in their flight ;

If we let no glory down
Any darkened life to crown—
If our grace and joyance have no ministry for pain,
We have lived our life in vain.

Though for weary years we toil ;
Though we gather gems and gold
From the mines of wealth untold,
Though from far off shores of ocean we have brought the spoil ;
What at the last is won
If we hear not God's "Well done?"
If the world's want and sorrow be not lessened by our gain,
We have lived our life in vain.

Though we be, in heart and hand,
Mighty with all foes to cope,
Rich in courage and in hope,
Fitted as strong laborers in the world to stand—
If with these we right no wrong
What avails it to be strong?
If we strengthen not the weak, raise not the bowed again
We have lived our life in vain.

To the giver shall be given ;
If thou wouldest walk in light,
So make other spirits bright,
Who seeking for himself alone e'er entered heaven?
In blessing we are blessed,
In exertion find our rest,
If we bend unto the world's work, heart, hand, brain,
We shall not have toiled in vain.

How sad it is that some human beings breath, move,
exist and pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no
more.

Why is it so?

They did no good in the world—none were blessed by
them. Not a word they spoke could be recalled as of any
value and so they perished, their light went out in utter
darkness. They are not remembered more than the insects
of yesterday. Will you not rather resolve to live for some-
thing? Do some good and so leave behind you a
monument of virtue which time can never destroy. Write

your name in kindness, love and mercy on human hearts
and your deeds and records will be as legible on those you
leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening.
Good deeds will shine as brightly, and more enduringly, and
serve a blessed purpose.

Live to enjoy and to impart,
Employ your head, your hands, your heart.

Selfishness is utter loss ;
Life's most perfect joy and good,
Ah ! how few have understood,
Only one hath proved it—and He died upon the cross ;
Taking on Himself the curse,
So to bless the universe,
If we follow in his footsteps in the pathway straight and plain,
We shall not have lived in vain.

TWO THAT COME ONLY ONCE.

Along life's paths are set
Dark waymarks of regret ;
Yet flowers spring up anon,
And many things once gone,
Will often come again.

Rich laden, are life's hands,
While hope too, smiling stands
Dispensing gifts to all,
Though careless hands let fall,
But to be fill'd again.

Of summer's joyous sun,
Earth hath not only one
Of all her cheerful blooms,
There is not one that comes,
And never comes again.

Nor flow of ebbing tide,
Nor rain to fountain dried ;
Nor dew to thirst' grass,
But '*two*' things go, alas !
That never come again.

Time, may most griefs remove ;
Turn bitterness to love ;
Bring fruits from labours cross'd ;
But *opportunity* lost—
Cometh never again !

Smiles, may to tearful eyes,
And blue, to clouded skies ;
And hope, to saddened hearts,
But *youth*, once comes—departs !
And never comes again !

CALL TO THE CONFLICT.

Sound aloud the deep toned clarion,
Let its notes be clear and long ;
Right, with sword drawn for the contest
Takes the field against the wrong.

Hold aloft the glorious banner,
Let it float against the sky,
And with truth's bright blade uplifted
In the strength of the Most High.

Let no heart quail in the onset—
All above, around, beneath ;
Countless eyes the strife are watching
Through the war cloud's dusky wreath.

Side by side, in phalanx valiant
In the God of battles strong ;
Grapple with fell rampant error
In the serried ranks of *wrong*.

Through which clouds, with thunder laden
Darken o'er the source of day ;
Though fierce forked fiery lightning
Flash and dart around the way.

Echoed loud *above* the thunder
Let the watchword 'VICTORY' sound,
And amid the jagged lightnings
Inch by inch still gain the ground.

Deep entrenched in hoary bulwarks,
 Error and his prisoners see ;
 Scale the ramparts, strike the ensign,
 Set the wretched captives free.

Not till then the waiting scabbard
 May receive the trusty steel ;
 Not until earth's groaning millions,
 Freedom's bounding pulse may feel.

Now is on us rush of battle,
 Now the clash and din of war ;
 Armies coming to the conflict
 Forces gathering from afar.

Down-trod hearts with anguish bleeding,
 Human nature held in thrall ;
 Myriads waiting for redemption
 Marshall at the trumpet call.

Lo ! on distant dim horizon
 Faintly glimmering through the night,
 Shines the star whose rising glory
 Truth's triumphal march shall light.

And e'en now in far off murm'ring
 O'er the future's restless sea ;
 Faith doth catch a premonition
 Of earth's glorious jubilee.

(Modified J. E. H.)

DIVINE DESIGN IS DELIGHT.

(GIVING GLADNESS IN GRACE AND NATURE.)

Behold wide creation ! Remark the repletion
 Of glad designs ; of Divine ordination,
 Here so densely surrounded, by bounty unbounded ;
 Benevolent Being,—'tis seen must have founded,
 Hark ! glad harmony cheers the listening ears,
 'Tis munificence toned in the music of spheres.

While heaven's bright display, and "day unto day,"
 Announce Divine glory which none can gainsay;
 The sweet light, the soft rain, God doth not restrain,
 And His word sets forth goodness, in accents as plain;
 Earth and heaven proclaim, the ineffable name,
 And the gospel of grace, full re-echo's the same.

His infinite might, who dwelleth in light,
 Maketh glad who submit, for His statutes are right,
 Provisions still proving, benevolence moving
 The will, and commands, of the lawgiver loving,
 All joyous displaying, refuting, gainsaying,
 There is misery only to the disobeying.

Glad creation combines, stretching forth love's bright lines
 And in gospel Heaven's special companion outshines,
 Showing forth Loving-Kind, the Infinite mind,
 The Love and the "Light of the world," unconfined,
 Ample evidence high, earth's air and sky
 Proclaims mercy Infinite, over all nigh.

As we farther explore, Goodness outshines more;
 The God of all grace, we in all things adore,
 Transparent in nature, in every feature
 Joy, gladness and "gospel to every creature,"
 All sweetly agreeing, intelligence seeing,
 Design for delight is the order of being.

S.

LONGING FOR A LONGER LINE.

Let me dive deep beyond far depths of science,
 Urge on, keep pace with comets as they roll
 On! on! through circling change and bid defiance
 To limits widening waves, and time's control.
 Give me a *longer* line!

Let me go down, beyond the mystic ocean,
 Where coral wonders sleep, and pearls lie low,
 And still profoundest reflect the ceaseless motion
 Of the dark waves, that restless o'er them flow.
 Give me a *longer* line!

Let me seek out sources of hidden wonders,
 Press on, explore earth's hoary mountain chains,
 Go 'mid the lightnings, and where roll the thunders,
 And grandeur power as mighty spirit reigns.
 Give me a *longer* line.

My soul draws deep—its yearnings are immortal,
 It needs a channel where no line hath been,
 How many a bark once bound for heaven's portal
 Hath foundered on shallows or rocks between.
 Give me a *longer* line !

Give me a plummet weighty and unswerving,
 Rift the dense vapors that around me roll
 Oh ! let me fathom the domain and curving
 Of that deep mystery the human soul.
 Oh ! for this *longer* line !

Let me have line to reach utmost longings of creature
 Let me explore life's kindling fountain fires
 O let me fathom nearer to my nature,
 Some real resting home of my desires.
 Give me *the* longer line.

SILVER-TONE SOURCES.

Some good-hearted people stood by when a great church bell was being cast, and as the glowing fluid was entering its mould they were privileged to cast in their contributions. Thus were unknown quantities of silver coins cast into the molten mass to sweeten the notes of the immense bell. No list was kept of the donors, but as the bell is heard calling to worship, though no ear distinguishes the vibrations, the volume of sweet sound is made up of all these.

The great bell is but one of a million things to-day blessedly sweet and inspiring, while yet unrecorded to us are the many sources of their precious influences. Voices reach our ears—great impulses stir our souls—lofty aspirings urge us onward—the source of which only the Divine One may

specify. The silver coin which had mingled in the mass of social force was dropped in so quietly and disappeared so quickly that none can search it out. The happy thought comes back as the tones of that bell—the sweetest and most precious and lasting influences in human life may have no earthly register; the noble mind having power to rise in simple majesty above sordid motives may not be quite conscious that this honest silvery ring is the outcome of the sterling small coin by his godly mother cast into his child-life.

Even so, as the molten mass of character is hourly running into form, there stand around those generous contributors, who cast in their precious treasure, holy example and happy sentiment sweetly brightening and sweetly sanctifying human life, so complex processes continually make up life, character and power. Many quiet nameless ones on earth are pouring the wealth of their life where it shall live in notes of sublimity and joy long after their peaceful dust reposes in silence. But the Divine Maker takes notes of all these humble, honest efforts and services meant only for his eye.

Go on then good men and women, cast in your precious coin. All will be recorded in celestial register. Go on weary, worn, toiling ones, your services may win little notice for a tedious time. Even yourselves cannot think your contribution worthy of regard. Rest assured all the silver you cast into human life will yet ring out clear and sweet eternally—

Take courage then ye humblest ones proceed
 Drop in devout your small donations,
 Each aiding to make up on earth the swelling sea
 Of heavenly good immortal.
 The great FIRST CAUSE admits your hand and heart
 To His creative aid in making bliss,
 Your offering small contains the elements
 Of which sweet sounds come forth undying.
 Yes! you may say, "Let there be silver tones."
 Such mandate mild becomes omnipotent
 What though no earthly record made or notice taken,
 One eye benign admires one voice applauds.

Thy lowly contribution tow'rds His holy purpose
 Not one small genuine piece rests unreported
 Thy seeming petty silver off'ring shall blend in the
 fused mass,
 Shall permeate the mighty sound sublime
 And ring out clear its ample part
 Swelling the volume of the music of the spheres.

A GOSPEL ECHO.

True faith working by love to God and man,
 Pray echo is not this the gospel plan?

Echo— *The Gospel plan.*

Ought I my faith unfeigned constant show
 By doing good to all both friend and foe?

Echo— *Both friend and foe.*

But if false friends traduce and treat me ill,
 Must I return them good and love them still?

Echo— *And love them still.*

And will my heavenly Father give me power
 Sufficient so to serve each trying hour?

Echo— *Each trying hour.*

And may I still such Christian life employ
 To serve the lowly One the highest joy?

Echo— *The highest joy.*

Why echo sure thy voice comes from above
 So thou wouldst have me do nought but in love?

Echo— *Naught but in love.*

Then since my high example leads the way,
 Patient I'll follow Him, still watch and pray.

Echo— *Still watch and pray.*

And while by faith I seek and try to live
 Unfaltering this I know He strength will give.

Echo— *He strength will give.*

Amen! with all my heart then be it so,
 Now on to practice I'll directly go.

Echo— *Directly go.*

PROGRESS UNBOUNDED.

Does the earth contain one spirit
Bowed despondent in the dust,
On the midnight of whose vision
Beams no star of hope and trust?

Let that soul but pause and ponder
On the works the past has done,
And an earnest bright and glorious,
For the Future shall be won.

For the soul must feel the stirring,
Of its destiny sublime,
Who but rightly views the Present,
With its earnest heart and mind.

Toiling in the earthly vineyard
Many bands have found a place ;
Some are nearing to the summit—
Some are at the mountain's base.

Progress is the stirring watchword
Cheers them upward to the height :
Canst thou pause and play the laggard,
With its glories full in sight?

And while fair and broad and glorious
In our vision we can see,
Still the Future brightly stretching
Into far Infinity :

Who shall tell what bound or barrier
To improvement Heaven designed?
Who shall dare to fix the limits,
To the onward march of mind?

Only He, who into being
Called the unfathomed human soul,
He for whom the hymn of Progress
Through eternity shall roll !

P.C

ANOTHER SPRING TIME.

A small star-flower sprang up from earth,
Looked toward a field of rye ;
The thought came with its modest birth :
"That I might grow so high."
The rye-tops nodding in the wind
Were wishing, with a sigh.
That they might reach where outlined stood
The mountains 'gainst the sky.

The long grass waves, the summer days
Are stealing soft away ;
The small flower grows ; the sun's warm rays
Have made it bright and gay.
A rain-drop falls from heaven's blue ;
The flower's half-closed eye
Looks up to see its own sweet self
Reflected in the sky.

"O bright form there in heaven set,
I longed to be the rye ;
I had not seen you higher yet—
To be like you I'd die."
An impulse wakens in its heart,
It flings its wings on high,
And fondly hopes that they may reach
That fair star in the sky.

But softly falling to the ground,
They're scattered here and there,
And by another spring are found
The star-flowers ev'rywhere.
In our high aims most of us fall ;
But, trying day by day,
We sow, as did the little flower,
Good seeds along the way. W. N. B.

NEVER DESPAIR.

Never despair ! The darkest cloud
That ever loomed will pass away ;
The longest night will yield to dawn,
The dawn will kindle into day !
What if around the lonely bark
Break fierce and high the waves of sorrow,
Stretch every oar ! there's land ahead,
And thou wilt gain the port to-morrow !

When fortune frowns and summer friends,
Like birds that fear a storm, depart.
Some, if thy breast hath tropic warmth,
Will stay and nestle round the heart !
If thou art poor, no joy is won,
No good is gained by sad repining ;
Gems buried in the darkened earth
May yet be gathered for the mining !

There is no lot, however sad,
There is no roof, however low,
But has some joy to make it glad,
Some latent bliss to soothe its woe :
The light of hope will linger near
When wildest beats the heart's emotion—
A talisman when breakers roar,
A bright star o'er the troubled ocean.

The farmer knows not if his fields
With flood or drought or blight must cope ;
He questions not the fickle skies,
But ploughs, and sows, and toils in hope ;
Then up and strive, and dare, and do,
Nor doubt a harvest thou wilt gather—
A time to work, a time to wait,
And trust to GOD for genial weather !

SPENCE'S SELECT READINGS.

LOVED OBJECTS AND LOVE.

Pearls from the deep sea ;
Jewels from the mine ;
Gold from the red earth.
Which shall be thine ?
Oh, not the jewels of the earth ;
Nor pearls of all the seas,
I seek a treasure
Richer than these.
List, to the zephyrs
And the birds of the grove,
What is Nature's heartsease ?
Love ! love ! love !

Man wins with toil and danger
The treasures of earth and sea ;
But to win a maiden's heart
A harder task may be ;
For love lies deeper
Than jewels or gold ;
And ah ! to rich too give away
To sacred to be sold.
Found like the air
Where the heart may rove,
Too free for hand to grasp it—
Love ! love ! love !

I come not to beg love,
Or buy love of thee ;
Heart for heart, love for love—
Mine wilt thou be ?
Half hearts have we, man and woman,
Till love makes them one,
And sets it like a new world
Singing round the sun.
What makes all the rapture
Of the angels above ;
And every heart a heaven here ?
Love ! love ! love !

WATER MILL SOLEMN SOLILOQUY.

Oh ! listen to the water mill
Its weighty lessons weigh,
As on its round of duty still,
Throughout the livelong day.
A solemn proverb comes to mind
And as a spell is cast,
The mill will never grind again
With water that is past.

The steady stream flows ever on
Deep persevering still,
But never glideth back again
To working water mill.
Oh ! take the lesson to thy soul,
For ever clasp it fast ;
The mill will never grind again
With water that is past.

Oh ! press the proverb to thy soul,
Dear loving heart and true,
The golden years are gliding by
And life is passing too.
Ah ! learn to make the most of life,
Nor lose a precious day,
For time will ne'er return again,
Neglected, pass'd away.
Leave not the tender word unsaid,
Thy kindness sow broadcast,
The mill will never grind again
With water that is past.

Oh ! wasted hours of life that have
So swiftly drifted by,
The good we should and could have done
And passed without a sigh.
What might have been accomplished
By a single kindly word ;
Thoughts conceived but ne'er expressed,
Perished unpen'd, unheard ;
Wait not until to-morrow's light
Beams brightly on thy way
For all that thou canst call thine own,
Is in the present day.

The fleeting now, to be improved
Will all be fled at last,
The mill will never grind again
With water that is past.

Work on, while yet the sun doth shine,
Work on, with strength and will
The stream may never useless glide
By busy water mill.
Oh ! love thy God and fellow man,
Self take to task with care
For time will come when thou must scan
Past errors past repair.
Soon will this flight of life be o'er,
And earth recede from view,
And heaven in all its glory shine
Where all's enduring true.
Ah then thou'lt see more clearly still
The proverb deep and vast,
The mill can never grind again
With water that is past.

D. C. M. altered.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 'twere a living thing ;
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sleeping sand,
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea.

They pour their glittering treasures out,
Which in the deep have birth,
And chant their awful hymns about
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up
From every mountain shrine,
From every flower and dewy cup
That greeteth the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer ;
They lean above the ancient hills
As doing homage there.

The forest tops are lowly cast
O'er the breezy hills and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit passed
On nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world
E'en as repentant love ;
Ere to the blessed breeze unfurled,
They fade in light above.

The sky is as a temple's arch ;
The blue and wavy air,
Is glorious with the spirit march
Of messengers at prayer.

The gentle moon, the kindling sun,
The many stars are given
As shrines to burn earth's incense on
The altar-fires of heaven !

STRONG, BRAVE—FIRM AND TRUE !

BY EDWARD D. HOWARD.

Be strong and brave—be firm and true—
In whatsoever thou hast to do ;
When *truth* and *right* are with you, there
Must be no moment for despair !

If rugged seem the path you tread,
And Hope a doubtful glim'ring shed
Where, far before, the good you seek
Is hedged by many an Alpine peak,

While frozen torrents rage between,
And yawning chasms intervene,
Oh, falter not—press on anew,
For truth and right be firm and true !

If error triumph for a day,
And wrong achieve tyrannic sway—
If monstrous evils grow with years
Whose sap is human blood and tears—

If all your efforts seem to be
Like snow-flakes falling on the sea,
Which serve the darkening to swell,
And leave no whiteness where they fell—

If heart grow sick, and eyes grow dim,
And faintness seize the weary limb—
If blear-eyed, dull Despondency
Shall come where Hope was wont to be—

Oh, sound the must'ring spirit drum,
As once ye did when Hope was young !
Bid all the glories of thy soul
Their banners on the night unroll !

Call out the high resolves once more,
Which nerved to noble deeds before,
And wake the music which can thrill
Thy being with its rapture still !

Plant firm amid the thorns thy feet—
Loud through the gloom thy cry repeat—
Swing upward still thy torch of flame,
And strike for truth and right the same !

Though night and storms and foes surround,
And threat'ning clouds sink darkly down,
Onward and upward press anew,
To *truth and right forever true !*

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Thou can'st not clasp the beautiful
And call it all thine own,
The beautiful is given for all
And not for one alone ;
It is God's love made visible
In earth, and sea, and sky,
A blessing wide as time and space
For every human eye.

The foam that crests the ocean-wave
And sparkles to the light ;
The star that gems the brow of morn
And glorifies the night,
The brook, the flowers, the leaf, the bird
Whatever glads the sight—
Is God's own loving gift to all,
The beautiful and bright.

And blessed 'tis, and beautiful
That there's one gift all have
Defies the cruel tyrant's power
And ban of wicked knave,
For spite of chains, the slaves can see
God's love is with him here,
In beauty's light, in beauty's joy,
And beauty's blessed cheer.

And God be praised ! forevermore,
For this, His blessed boon,
The beautiful—which all may share,
And none can share too soon ;
The beautiful which purifies
And leads us up to Him,
Who is its source, its life and light
Above these shadows dim.

TO HAVE—GIVE !

To enjoy a thing exclusively is commonly to exclude yourself from the true enjoyment of it. To increase joy, give away.

WHAT IS THIS LIFE.

'Tis a cloud then a sunbeam, a storm then a calm,
A strange medly immortal, and mortal I am
A smile, then a tear, then a laugh, then a sigh,
A tardy dull movement, yet swiftly sweeps by.

An up, then a down, then a joy, then a woe,
A love, then a hate, an embrace, then a blow,
A hope, then a fear, a desire, then a care,
A bright beam or dark frown, to alternately wear.

A light, then a gloom, now a fall, then a rise,
A short song of sweet mirth, then a concert of sighs,
A laugh of sure pleasure, then a chorus of woe,
A gush of delight, then heart's grief currents flow.

A want, then comes wealth, then honor, then shame,
A toil, and then ease, now a bad, then good name,
A tedium, a bustle, a tarry, a haste,
A substance, 'tis sometime, a shaddow that's chased.

A barque on the billow of tempest toss'd sea
A captive in thralldom, that fain would be free,
A day's disappointment, a gleam of success,
A varying vane is this life ! nothing less.

A flower just opening, a withered toss'd leaf,
A weary long pilgrimage, seeming so brief,
A brook's gentle babble, a torrent's wild roar,
A wave dashing on to eternity's shore.

'Tis the seed of the future the fruit of the past.
The mould where past, present, and future are cast,
Joy, sorrow, good, evil, tranquility, strife,
Strange chequered relations, of various life,

While a mortal existence, an endless career,
Ardent reaching forth farther, while tarrying here,
A longing instinctive, a vitality high,
Life being, life changing, life never can die.

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop and take it ;
And many a tone of joy and love,
If the quarrelsome heart would make it.

To the sunny soul that's full of hope,
And whose dutiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green, and flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevailleth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.

There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning ;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,

Than to snap the delicate texture threads
Of our curious life asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends
And fret, and grieve and wonder.

DUTY AND RIGHT.

Whenever you know a thing is right,
Go and do it with main and might,
Nor let one murmur fall ;
For *duty* makes as stern a claim
As if an angel called your name,
And all men heard the call.

CHOICE OF WIFE.

Enough of beauty to secure affection,
Of modest diffidence to claim protection,
Of docile mind, admmissive of correction,
And stored with sense, and reason and reflection ;
And every passion held in due subjection,
Enough of sprightleness to cure dejection,
And fruits enough to keep beneath perfection,
Who *ch* I find, I'll make *her* my *selection*.

CHOICE OF HUSBAND.

Of beauty, just enough to bear inspection,
Of wisdom, high, to keep in right direction,
Of candour, sense and wit a good selection,
And scorn such words, as "Keep *her* in subjection,"
Or talk of weaker vessel's imperfection,
And should he vow sincerely strong affection,
I don't think I should plead for long reflection,
But when I meet with such in my connexion,
Let him *propose*, I'll offer *no objection*.

VICISSITUDES.

One morning I rose
From sweet repose,
Put on my clo'se,
And out I goes,
Met one of my foes ;
Words straight arose,
And came to blows,
When down I goes,
Where the water flows ;
Soon I arose,
As you may suppose,
Gave him some blows,
Trod on his toes,
And pull'd his nose ;
And down he goes,—
And home I goes,—
Took off my clo'se,
And sought repose.

LACONIC COURTSHIPS.

A thoughtful Scotchman, after mature deliberation, concluded to marry, and having come to this conclusion, the next to be decided on, was to make choice of a proper partner. Having selected the lady and secured introduction he said, "Weel, Janet, lass! a hiv cam' ta the conclusion to marry ye if ye hiv nae serious objection?" "Mon, Jock," replied Janet, "indeed a wad be very muckle obleeged to ye if ye would." And he *woo-d*—and wedded.

A lively Hibernian maid addressed her boy rather reproachfully, "An' are ye forgettin' me entirely now, Tim?" "Arrah! yes, dear!" quickly responded Tim. "Isn't that what I'm afther these two years all the time, just for-*getting* ye, sure, if I only can *get* ye, darlint! Isn't that the very words entirely that I wanted to say, for *getting* ye?" "Oh! that's what ye mane, is it? Now, but ye're the deep rogue! *you are*," said Kitty slyly. "Ye would *shtear*, ye would! I b'lieve in my heart! Thin whin ye're determined, I'll go bail for ye, ye'll not be bate easy! An' no use tryin' to hin der ye!" So she wouldn't "try any more."

MR. SNIDER'S TEMPERANCE EXPERIENCE.

I did dhrink some lager peer, und ven I puts mine hand 'pon mine head, und der vas von great pain; den puts mine hand 'pon mine pody, und der vas von pig pain; den puts mine hand in mine pocket und der vas shust noting. Now makes practis no lager peer, und so I puts mine hand 'pon mine head, und der ish none pain; und I puts mine hand 'pon mine pody und der ish no pig pain; und I puts mine hand in mine pocket, und der ish *twenty-five tollars*, und so—now I shtay mid de demperance.

SOME NECESSARY THINGS.

Essentials to happiness in this life are: something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

SINGULARLY COMPLIMENTARY.

"Which of the preachers do you like best—the Rev. Mr. Smith or—Green?" enquired Mr. Johnston of neighbor Burns.

"Mr. *Smith*, *most decidedly*," replied Burns.

"And how is that?" asked Johnston, "for I never thought there was much in Parson Smith's sermons."

"That's exactly how it comes to be as I have told you," answered Burns. "The truth is, I greatly dislike all preaching, and Smith's comes the nearest to none at all, of any I ever heard, and so dislike it the least—or give it the preference."

HE MIGHT PERHAPS STAND A CHANCE against the Rev. Theodore Broodbent, as candidate for the chaplaincy of a certain jail, who was strongly recommended for that situation, on the ground that, having been successively the minister of several churches, he had marvelously succeeded in preaching them all empty, or nearly so, and in this case ought to have the appointment, as very likely to turn out to be the right man in the right place.

A SMALL MISAPPREHENSION.

An old couple who had lived long without seeming to feel as if they required the services of the minister, at last, when in sickness, sent for him. The good clergyman when he entered expressed his surprise at being sent for now by persons who in health had never applied to him. The afflicted woman was more deaf than her old man who sat at her bed-side. The minister asked :

"Whatever '*induced* you' to send for me?"

The old lady raised herself up, keenly to listen to the minister's words, but failing to catch the exact expression she earnestly asked to be informed. Her old man, who had not quite correctly caught the sound, replied in a very loud and distinct voice :

"He asks : '*What-the-deuce*' made you send for him?"

MRS. HARDCASTLE'S HARD CASE.

Poor woman, she had no doubt her share, but she firmly believed that she had *far more* than a fair divide of the troubles of life. Hard labour and sore trouble she had come to regard as her unfortunate, *unavoidable* hard lot. Incessant work was her fate. Toil after toil without intermission, and as heartily did Mrs. H. indulge in as incessant lamentation. It almost seemed as if her chief comfort consisted in giving expression to her sorrows, hardships and vexations. Hard work she had ; and hard lament she made accordingly.

Once on a time, a kind friend ventured on an attempt to soothe by the expression of confidence and assurance, that yet in the deep silence of the grave, there would be even quiet, and rest for her in that long sleep.

She declared emphatically, she didn't really expect it, for she was afraid that when her death would come *late* that she would be verily believed—that the resurrection would be early, next morning.

RIDICULOUS EXTREMES.

In fact, I cannot be led seriously to believe, that any man could be found so intensely parsimonious, as that the reason he sits in the farthest back pew in church, is to save the interest on the small sum he gives, for the *time* the collectors are coming round that longer distance.

Again, I cannot be brought to think that any human voice could be found so coarse, as that a body could really grate a nutmeg on it.

Once more, it never looked reasonable to me, to be told that any man should be so out and out ugly, as that his looking into a thick plate looking-glass would break it ; or a woman so sour, as that looking into any ordinary liquid would make it vinegar. I must regard such affirmations as ridiculous. Exaggerations, and nothing else !

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

The other day, while a Vicksburger was riding toward Jackson, he saw a long-haired young man sitting on a roadside fence. There was such an air of desolation about the countryman, that the Vicksburger drew rein and inquired :

"What ails you, young man?"

"Nothing," was the meek reply.

"But is any one dead?"

"Hain't heard of anybody but old Matthews—and he went off two months ago."

"Are you sick?"

"I feel kinder bad."

"Well, you look bad. In fact, you're the worst looking man I've seen since the close of the war."

"I was all right till a month ago," said the young man, looking still more solemn.

"What happened then?"

"A woman went back on me."

"Did, eh? Were you engaged?"

"I'd hung around there a year or so, and we'd hugged and loved and hooked fingers. If that isn't being engaged, then I don't know."

"And she backed out?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've been through the mill myself. I had a woman go back on me in that way, three months ago, and I didn't lose a bit of sleep over it."

"You didn't?"

"No, sir."

"But then," sighed the young man, as he hitched along the rail, "the woman you loved didn't own sixteen mules, and have a clean one hundred bales of cotton to sell! I guess, eh? Circumstances alter cases."





IMAGINARY EVILS.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow—
 Leave things of the future to fate ;
 What's the use to anticipate sorrow ?
 Life's troubles come never too late !
 If to hope overmuch be an error,
 'Tis one that the wise have preferr'd ;
 And how often have hearts been in terror
 Of evils that never occur'd !

Have faith—and thy faith shall sustain thee—
 Permit not suspicion and care
 With invisible bonds to enchain thee,
 But bear what God gives you to bear.
 By his Spirit supported and gladden'd,
 Be ne'er by 'forebodings' deterr'd ;
 But think how oft hearts have been sadden'd
 By fear of what never occur'd.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow,
 Short and dark as our life may appear,
 We may make it still darker by sorrow—
 Still shorter by folly and fear.
 Half our troubles are half our invention ;
 And often from blessings conferr'd
 Have we shrunk, in the wild apprehension
 Of evils that never occur'd.

ALPHABET OF EXCELLENCIES.

Affability,	Joyousness,	Self-possession,
Bravery,	Kindness,	Truthfulness,
Caution,	Liberality,	Unsuspectingness,
Decision,	Manliness,	Virtue,
Enthusiasm,	Naturalness,	Watchfulness (and)
Fidelity,	Obedience,	X—l (excel)
Gratitude,	Patience,	Y—s (wise)
Humility,	Quietness,	Z 'ed (h) ead
Industry,	Reserve,	(Excel—wisehead).

COLORED DEBATE.

The "Colored Debating Society" of Mount Vernon, Ohio, must have had some very interesting meetings this winter. Happening to pass through Mount V. about Christmas-time, I was invited to one of the "debates," and went. The object of the argument on that particular evening was the settlement at once and forever, of the question, "Which am de mightiest, de pen or de swoard?"

Mr. Latkins said about as follows: "Mr. Chaarman, What's de use ob a swoard unless you's gwyne to war? Who's hyar dat's gwyne to war? I isn't, Mr. Morehouse isn't, Mrs. Morehouse isn't, Mr. Newsome isn't; I'll bet no feller wot speaks on de swoard side has any ideer ob gwyne to war. Den what's de use ob de swoard? I don't tink dere's much show for argument in de matter."

Mr. Lewman said: "What's de use ob de pen 'less you knows how to write? How's dat? Dat's what I wants to know. Look at de chillun ob Isr'l—wasn't but one man in de hole crowd gwyne up from Egypt to de Promis' Lan' cood write, an' he didn't write much. [A voice in the audience, "Wrote de ten comman'ments, anyhow, you bet." Cheers from the pen side.] Wrote 'em? wrote 'em? Not much; guess not; not on stone, honey. Might p'raps cut 'em wid a chisel. Broke 'em all, anyhow, 'fore he got down de hill. Den when he cut a new set, de chillun ob Isr'l broke 'em all again. Say he did write 'em, what good was it? So his pen no 'count nohow. No, saar. De swoard's what fotched 'em into de Promis' Lan', saar. Why, saar, it's ridiculous. Tink, saar, ob David a-cuttin' off Golian's head wid a pen, saar! De ideer's altogedder too 'posterous, saar. De swoard, saar, de swoard mus' win de argument, saar."

Dr. Crane said: "I tink Mr. Lewman a leetle too fas'. He's a-speakin' ob de times in de dim pas', when de mind ob man was crude, an' de mind ob man was in de ruff state an' not tone down to de refinement ob cibilized times. Dey wasn't educated up to de use ob de pen. Deir han's was only fit for de ruff use ob de swoard. Now, as de modern

poet says, our swards rust in deir cubbards, an' peas, sweet peas, covers de lan'. An' what has wrot all dis change? *De pen.* Do I take a sward now to git me a peck ob sweet taters, a pair ob chickens, a pair ob shoes? No, saar. I jess take my pen an' write a order for 'em. Do I want money? I don't git it by de edge ob de sward; I writes a check. I want a suit ob clothes, for instance—a stroke ob de pen, de mighty pen, de clothes is on de way. I's done."

Mr. Newsome said: "Wid all due 'spect to de learned gemman dat's jus' spoke, we mus' all agree dat for smoovin' things off an' a-levellin' things down dere's nothing equals de sward."

Mr. Hunnicut said: "I agrees entirely wid Mr. Newsome; an' in answer to what Dr. Crane says, I would jess ask, what's de use ob drawin' a check unless you's got de money in de bank, or a-drawin' de order on de store, unless de store truss you? S'pose de store do truss, ain't it easier to sen' a boy as to write a order? If you got no boy handy, telegraf. No use for a pen—not a bit. Who ebber heard of Mr. Hill's pen? Nobody, saar. But his sward, saar—de sward ob ole Bunker Hill, saar—is known to ebbery chile in de lan'. If it hadden bin for de sward ob ole Bunker Hill, saar, whaar'd we niggers be to-night, saar? whaar, saar? Not hyar, saar. In Georgia, saar, or wuss, saar. No cullud man, saar, should ebber go back, saar, on de sward, saar."

Mr. Hunnicut's remarks seemed to carry a good deal of weight with the audience. After speeches by a number of others, the subject was handed over to "the committee," who carried it out and "sot on it." In due time they returned with the following decision:

"De committee decide dat de sward has de most pints an' de best backin', an' dat de pen is de most beneficial, an' dat de whole ting is about a stan'-off."

VARIOUS PROPULSION.

The old style of clubbing people into heaven, is (thank Mercy) going out of favor.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

A friend of mine was married to a scold,
To me he came, and all his troubles told.
Said he, "She's like a woman raving mad."
Alas! my friend, said I, that's very bad!
"No, not so bad," said he: "for with her, true,
I had both house and land, and money too."

That was well, said I;
"No not so well," said he;
"For I and her own brother
Went to law with one another;
I was cast, the suit was lost,
And every penny went to pay the cost."

That was bad, said I;
"No, not so bad," said he;
"For we agreed that he the house should keep,
And give to me four score of Yorkshire sheep;
All fat, and fair, and fine, they were to be."
Well, then, said I, sure that was well for thee?

"No, not so well," said he;
"For, when the sheep I got,
They every one died of the rot."
That was bad said I;
"No, not so bad," said he;
"For I had thought to scrape the fat
And keep it in an oaken vat,
Then into tallow melt for winter store."

Well, then, said I, that's better than before?
"Twas not so well," said he;
"For, having got a clumsy fellow,
To scrape the fat and melt the tallow,
Into the melting fat the fire catches,
And, like brimstone matches,
Burnt my house to ashes."
That was bad? said I;
"No! not so bad," said he: "for, what is best,
My scolding wife has gone among the rest."

INTELLECTUAL CULTIVATION.

"One fountain is there, whose deep-lying vein has only just began to throw up its silvery drops among mankind—a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who drink from it peace and joy. It is knowledge ; the fountain of intellectual cultivation which gives health to mankind—makes clear the vision, brings joy to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go and drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored, and thou wilt soon feel thyself rich ! Thou mayest go forth into the world and find thyself everywhere at home ; thou canst cultivate in thy own little chamber ; thy friends are ever around thee, and carry on wise conversations with thee ; nature, antiquity, heaven, is accessible to thee ! The industrious kingdom of the ant, the works of man, the rainbow, and music-records, offer to thy soul equal hospitality."

M. B.

THE CHEERFUL HEART.

It is not essential to the happy home that there should be the luxury of the carpeted floor, the softly cushioned sofa, the soft shade of the astral lamp. These elegancies gild the apartments, but they reach not the heart. It is neatness, order, and a cheerful heart which make home that sweet paradise it is so often found to be. There is joy, as real, as heart-felt by the cottage fireside, as in the most splendid saloons of wealth and refinement. The luxuries and elegancies of life are not to be despised. They are to be received with gratitude. But their possession does not insure happiness. The sources of true joys are not so shallow. The *cheerful* heart, like the kaleidoscope, causes most discordant materials, to arrange themselves in harmony, beauty and joy.

Leave the rich to pomp and splendour
Happiness they cannot render.

Let the miser heap his hoard,
MIRTH shall bless the social board.

H.

SCIENCE OF SURE SUCCESS.

Blow, whenever you blow, your own horn
 So people can understand
 That you are a sharp, and wont be a at
 In society's great brass band.

Put on the airs of an eight-key'd flute,
 Though you be but a penny whistle ;
 Show off when you can, as a garden rose,
 If you're only a downy thistle.

Whether your reading be little or much,
 Quote correctly, or else never quote ;
 Polish bright your uppers, though down at heel ;
 And, sure never endorse a note.

Always firm advance, best foot, best hand ;
 Bold hand, firm foot your own ;
 And thus may you feast, on the fat of the land,
 While timid enjoy the bare bone.

THE GREAT AND THE SMALL.

The mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel,
 And the mountain called the squirrel "a little prig."
 Bun replied, "Well you are doubtless very big,
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together
 To make up a year
 And a sphere."

"And I think it no disgrace,
 Just to occupy my place.
 If I'm not as big as you
 Some things I can *better* do
 You're not near so *small* as I,
 Nor yet half so spry. But I must not deny,
 That you do indeed make a very pretty squirrel track.
 Talents greatly differ—all is wisely put
 If I cannot cary forests on my back
 Neither can you crack a nut.

[Emerson]

INTERRUPTED TABLE TALK.

The other evening the Rev. Mr. Philaeter sat down at the tea table with a very thoughtful air and attended to the wants of his family in a very abstracted manner. Presently he looked up at his wife and said :

"The Apostle Paul—"

"Got a 'nawful lump on the head 'safternoon," broke in the pastor's son, "playin' base ball. Bat flew out of player's hand when I was umpire and cracked me right above the ear an' dropped me. Hurt? Golly!" and the lad shook his head in dismal but expressive pantomime, as he tenderly rubbed a lump that looked like a ball with hair on it. The pastor gravely paused for the interruption and then resumed :

"The Apostle Paul—"

"Saw Mrs. O'Ghemine down at Greebaum's this afternoon," said the eldest daughter (addressing her mother). "She had on that same old everlasting black silk, made over with a vest of tilluel green silk, coattail basque pattern, overskirt made with diagonal folds in front, edged with deep fringe; yellow straw hat, with black velvet facing inside the brim, and pale blue flowers. She's going to Chicago."

The good minister waited patiently, and then, in tones just a shade louder than before, said :

"The Apostle Paul—"

"Went in swimmin' last night with Harry and Ben, Pop, and stepped on a clam-shell," exclaimed the youngest son; "cut my foot so I can't wear my shoe; and please can't I stay to home to-morrow?"

The pastor informed his son, that he might stay away from the river, and then resumed his topic. He said :

"The Apostle Paul says—"

"My teacher is an awful liar," shouted the second son : "he says the world is as round as an orange, and that it goes round faster than a circus man can ride. I guess he hain't got much sense."

The mother lifted a warning finger towards the boy, and said "sh." Then father resumed :

"The Apostle Paul says—"

"Don't bite off twice as much as you can chew!" broke out the eldest son, reproving the assault of his little brother on a piece of cake. The pastor's face showed just a trifle of annoyance as he said, in very firm, decided tones :

"The Apostle Paul says—"

"There's a fly in the butter!" yelled the youngest hopeful of the family, and a general laugh followed. When silence was restored, the eldest daughter, with an air of curiosity, said :

"Well, but pa, I *really would like* to know, what the Apostle Paul said."

"Pass the mustard," said the pastor absently, and the session soon after adjourned.

PRESENT TIME ONLY AVAILABLE.

Seek not time when once 'tis past thee,
Tide or wind wait no man's pleasure,
Hoist up sail, while gale doth last thee,
Present speed is wisdom's leisure.
Let the fore-wit guide thy thought
After-wits are dearly bought ;
Lingering labours oft bring nought,
Good is best when soonest wrought.

Live for to-day, to-morrow is a dream,
We may not see its bright fulfilling ;
But now, while duty's earnest voices chime
We will, with courage strong and willing
Live for to-day.

Beyond the gathering and the strewing,
I shall be soon,
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.

ANXIOUS LOVER'S ECHO.

Lover.—Echo, mysterious ! pray to me declare,
Of what you're made or what you are?

Echo.— 'oo ! air.

L. 'Neath cliff, mid glen or hid in places high,
To lovers listening, oft' you lie?

E.— —you lie.

L. But echo, surely you some secrets know,
Now softly wisper is this so ?

E.— —'is so.

L. Then may I beg you aid me, answer kindly,
Tell me do most in love act blindly?

E.— —Blindly.

L. But to sure win fair Phœbe may I ask you,
Just *how* if this don't too hard task you ?

E.— —task you.

L. Say what will certain turn the frisky honey
Into the toils of matrimony?

E.— —money.

L. But echo truly say, if e'er you saw,
So sweet a girl as Phœbe Shaw ?

E.— —eh ! pshaw.

L. Has Phœbe not a lovely, heavenly brow,
Is it not pure as pearl,—as snow ?

E.— —Ass—no !

L. Her eyes so bright, were ever such a pair ?
Are stars more sparkling than they are ?

E.— —they are.

L. But come now say, thou saucy pert romancer,
Who is as fair as Phœbe—answer ?

E.— —Ann sir.

L. Echo thou'rt wrong, but can not so deceive me,
Her eyes eclipse the stars believe me.

E.— —Leave me.

Modified from N. Y. O.

KNOWLEDGE INCREASETH USEFULNESS.

There are many great discoveries yet awaiting the labors of science, and with them also awaiting humanity many additional proofs of Divine wisdom and benevolence. Whoever can trace one new fact, or exemplify one new instance of Divine wisdom or benevolence in the system of nature, shall not have lived in vain—but having added to the sum of human knowledge has added to the evidence of the great truths, upon which the happiness of time, and of eternity depends.

Every science is the foundation of some art beneficial to mankind. While we are led to see the beneficence of the laws of nature, we are called upon also to follow the great end of the Father of nature in their employment and application. In every department of learning there is good to be achieved. The age in which we are privileged to live has given noble examples—science now finds its highest glory in allaying the miseries, or in improving the condition of humanity.

It is worthy of observation, that the power of scientific benevolence is far greater than that of all others, to the substantial and permanent welfare of society. The benevolence of the opulent, however eminent it may be, perishes with themselves. The advantages even of good government are limited, and not unfrequently succeeded by different counsels. But the beneficence of knowledge, is of a kind as extensive as the race of man, and as permanent as the existence of society.

Whoever in the study of science has discovered a new means of alleviating pain, or of remedying disease ; devised a wiser method of preventing poverty, or of shielding misfortune ; who has suggested additional means of increasing or improving the beneficent productions of nature : has left a permanent memorial, which shall communicate happiness to ages yet unborn, and may be recognised as a fellow-worker with the benevolent Creator.

To the wise and virtuous—whose moral attainments have kept pace with his intellectual—who has employed his

talent to the Divine glory and to the good of humanity—there is presented the sublimest prospect mortality can know. The future shall be more blessed progress in the direction he has chosen to employ his rightly used powers, and he has the joy co-operating with the Divine. Thus continuous may human mind advance.

Behold as ages onward go,
The eternal steps of progress beats,
To the great anthem calm and slow,
Which God repeats.

That mandate high must all obey,
His first propulsion from the night.
O wake and watch, the world is grey
With morning light.

W.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen—
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hide her face in scorn,
Put then the shadow from thy brow :
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirths,—
Know this ; God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love ; and not alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,—
Hope, Faith, and Love ; and thou shalt find,
Strength when Life's surges cease to roll
Light where thou' else wert blind.

From the German.

LIQUORDOM LEXICON.

It is curious how large a number of words refer directly to alcoholic liquors and their many various dire effects upon humanity. We have among the names applied to those persons who partake of the fiery fluids, such terms as: Drunkard, soker, sot, carouser, tippler, toper, tosspot, reveller, bacchanal, etc.

Then we have words for the condition of being affected by intoxicants, as inebriation, insobriety, temulency, comotation, sottishness, fuddled, fresh, flush, flustered, overcome, disguised, overtaken, mellow, groggy, top-heavy, light-headed, elevated, screwed, muzzy, muddled, nappy, tipsy, touched, turned, boozy, potent, heady, stretched, strung, sprung, strained, cat-eyed, cut-up, lushy, maudlin, bung-up, reeling, etc., to which may be added phrases as, the worse for liquor, half-seas over, in one's cups, drunk as a piper, as a fiddler, as a lord, or as an owl, under the table, rather of the rather, somewhat limp, grog-witted, overhauled, cappish, sottish, bibacious, liquorish, etc.

Of verbs we have quite a list, as tinkle, tope, booze, swill, guzzle, carouse, liquor, soak, swig, fuzzle, temulate, and the terms anti-teetotal, intemperate, etc.

But when we come to names of drinks, especially some that manifest adaptedness to express effects, we enter on a field not to be explored, and can only take a running glance. There seems a curious mass of wit and sad experience in the designations, as cream of the valley, while the same gin is named rot-gut, blue ruin, tangle-leg, or break-leg, making one partaker as drunk as David's sow, or call it copus or eye-water; and as young bloods bemuse themselves therewith, they feel dukeish, or when mixed half-porter and otherwise compounded cooper, or drain, when doing a *wet*, or wahoo bitters, going it on the glee, or the spree, on the flare, or on the tear.

Slang supplies quite a profusion of epithets, for the drink effects in the various shades, grades, degrees, relations and complications. Begin by being balmy, hazy, spiffed and

foggy ; but soon get on the batter, on the go, until having got in the attic, off the nut, queerish, seen in the eyes, elated, mooney, up-the-ladder, Jacobed, elevated, on the beaver, obfuscated, tipt, fishy, lumpy, podgy, primed, doing it brown, chalking it up, bemusing, buffy, bosky, all-thereish, in for the corinthianize, scommered, sleued, flared-up, staved-in, paralyzed, breezy, kisky, frisky, on the freshet, kiddyish, opened the sluices, sommat short, wobbleshoppy, winey, on the wiffle-waffles, wet-whistle, on the wabble, twisted, touched, tight, tobbleshish, titley, three sheets in the wind, feeling ploughed, plucked, corned, sewed, snuffy, on the ranton, the erand, coxy, toxy, we-wont-go-home-till-morningish, getting up a barney, sky-wanocking, all mops and brooms, primevial, brace-spliced, jiggered, swampy, summerized, perfectly regardless, etc.

Many of the forms of expression seem to signify somewhat of a foreshading of disaster, and all indicate a characteristic recklessness on the part of the perpetrator.

FORTITUDE AMID TRIALS.

Oh, never from thy tempted heart
 Let thine integrity depart ;
 When disappointment fills the cup,
 Undaunted nobly drink it up ;
 Truth will prevail, and Justice show
 Her tardy honors sure though slow.
 Bear on, bear bravely on !

Bear on. Our life is not a dream,
 Though often such its mazes seem ;
 We were not born for lives of ease,
 Ourselves alone to aid and please.
 To each a daily task is given ;
 A labor which shall fit for heaven :
 When duty calls, let Love grow warm—
 Amid the sunshine and the storm,
 With Faith life's trials boldly breast,
 And come a conqueror to thy rest.
 Bear on, bear bravely on !

GIVING AND LIVING.

Constant the sun is pouring his gold,
 On recipient worlds that beg and borrow ;
 His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
 His wealth on homes of want and sorrow ;
 To withhold his rays of precious light,
 Should bury himself in eternal night.
 To give—Is to live.

The flower blooms, not for itself, nay all
 Its joy is that which it freely diffuses ;
 While of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
 It lives in the life it sweetly loses ;
 No choice for the rose but glory or doom,
 'Tis exhale or smother—wither or bloom.
 To deny—Is to die.

The sea lends silvery rain to the land,
 The sapphire streams give to the ocean ;
 The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
 The brain to the nerve its lightning motion :
 Life ever inhalet, and yieldeth breath,
 Till the mirror is dry, and images death.
 To give—Is to live.

There is death when the hand openeth not wide,
 To dispense a joy to human brother ;
 Doubled is the joy of his life long ride,
 Who in passing dispenseth joy to another ;
 And many millions of lives are his,
 Who holds the wide world, in his sympathies.
 To deny—Is to die.

Well to disperse is wealth, joy, and strength,
 Even if, for the Master's sake one loseth ;
 He shall find a hundred fold at length,
 While he loseth forever, who to give refuseth ;
 Even nations who grasp at union and peace,
 At the cost of right shall their woe increase.
 They save—A dark grave.

Throw gold to the far-dispersing wave,
And your good ship shall sail home with tons of treasure
Wide dispense comfort, all hardships brave,
And evening and age shall pass with pleasure ;
Health fling to sunshine and wind and rain,
And roses will come to the cheek again.
To give—Is to live.

Then be generous dispensing thy bless'd employ,
Active dispersing, supplying still giving ;
Rushing beneficence constitutes joy,
Profusive imparting, essential to living ;
'Tis so ordered, existeth all vital creation,
Out-shedding, enjoying rich perfect repletion.
To give—*Is to live.*

PREMATURE QUARREL.

Married three months, and loving more,
Little possessed of earthly store,
Biddy and Pat, together sat,
In earnest chat, of this and that.

Discoursing plans for future joys,
And how to train their girls and boys ;
Devising many future measures
Of getting and disposing treasures.

The worldly goods they yet would own,
When wealth and family full grown,
In most their interests combined,
Quite one in *heart—not quite* in mind.

They could not just exactly see
Alike how all things ought to be—
Once, talking over subjects many,
Scarcely could they agree on any.

One knotty point, too hard to settle,
Seemed quite to irritate their mettle—
The furniture to fix in sight
Around their homely room aright.

Each knew, most sure, to plan the best
The side on which should sit the chest ;
Bed, chair and stool, in proper place,
And how the " nest of drawers " should face.

Biddy declared " The drawers must stand
Front to the right and to her hand
Right fair forninst the winday-shure "—
Pat said " That they must face the do-or."

Biddy was firm, and Pat was stern ;
Both knew so well, neither would learn ;
Whatever else, known or known not,
For drawers each knew the proper spot.

'Twas more than matter of opinion—
'Twas tug for which should have dominion :
It seemed by strength, that they must test
And find who really knew the best.

Biddy waxed earnest, almost warm,
Cried, elevating her right arm—
" Ye spalpeen, ye ! what do ye know
About things being so and so."

Pat stormed—declared " The girl's a fool,"
And said " he felt and meant to rule :
The drawers he should, the drawers he could
Set in that spot—yes, that he would."

Furiously both determined stood
In resolute, unyielding mood ;
From words to blows, from blows to blood ;
All to no purpose, all no good.

No nearer seemed the chance of peace,
The storm looked rather to increase ;
The fight became too furious far—
In fact, beyond a "*civil war*."

Of truce, there seemed no indication,
No glimmering dawn of termination ;
No guessing consequences soon,
But at this point—so opportune—

Good Father Hagan chanced to stray,
Right at this juncture, just that way ;
And sorry was to see so early,
The couple loose their temper fairly.

Or, as some critics might construe it,
They used their temper up to do it.
"O fie"—cried Father Hagan—"fie !
Come tell me all this trouble—why ?

What ! what has happened. *What?* come—hold !
(Demanded now his reverence bold)
This is not going upon the plan
Ye 'greed to when I made you one.

Explain !" he cried, "explain to me
Why such a fight, and let me see
If I can't get you to agree—
This really cannot—must not be."

"O Father," Bidy cried "O Father
Than live with such a brute I'd rather
Go beg my bit, and starve and die
Than stay with him—I won't comply.

This treatment is so cruel bad,
Enough to set an angel mad."
Pat, quite as mad, "O father," cried,
"What to do with her? I have tried

To make her, as she ought, t'obey,
But she will have her wilful way.
Your riverence, Bidy's by far the worst,
For if I struck *strongest*—sure she struck *first*."

Good Father Hagan, wanting light
On the commencement of the fight,
Cried "come now ! Tell me ! Tell me all—
How about the *start* of this outfall ?

Come ! we must trace to the *beginning*
To find first fault, of this sad sinning."
"Twas the *drawers*," cried Bidy, "Drawers " cried Pat.
"Them *drawers*—the trouble all was that."

"He wants" screamed she "to have them stand
Facing the door at t'other hand.
What does he know about the like?
The most he knows, is how to strike.

And that *he* knows—I know too well—
As my poor battered bones can tell."
Sore puzzled is Father Hagan's wits,
Deliberately down he sits—

Bids both "be easy and explain
About the drawers, causing such pain.
What *drawers* can this be vexing so?
Show me the "*drawers*," so I may know—

So I at once, may place them right
And end this horrid, ugly fight."
"The chest of *drawers*," meekly gasp'd Pat,
As quite exhausted, down he sat.

"We have not any means to get ;
But s'posed the *like* we *might* have yet—
Only we thought, may be, we should, *if able*,
Buy *drawers*, *after* we'd got a *table*."

MORAL.

This, the manifest moral,
Of premature quarrel ;
Confirm'd is the adage, still good, wise and true,
Both your joy and your peace,
You will vastly increase,
If you "never face trouble till trouble face you."

WHILE YOU MAY.

As surely as the evening comes
To close the eyes of day,
Will grief appear ; and so, my dear,
Be merry while you may.

We cannot say to joy, "Remain,"
Nor unto grief, "Depart ;"
The morning and the night must come
To every human heart.

And though the twilight hour dispels
The cheerful, sunny ray,
Shed not a tear, but oh ! my dear,
Be cheerful, while you may.

'Tis time enough to weep and mourn
When sorrow has its day ;
And you'll agree 'tis well to be
Right merry, while you may.

Along the shores the rushing tides
Have ceaseless ebb and flow ;
And through the years the seasons have
Their time to come and go.

Then let us make the best of life,
And if not always gay
Or full of joy, why shouldn't we
Be merry, while we may ?

A SUDDEN CURE.

A melancholy woman lay
In sickness on her bed,
And in a faint, and broken voice
To her sad husband said :

" Dear David, when my earthly form
Has turned to lifeless clay,
Oh ! wait and weep a little while,
Nor throw yourself away.

" I know a woman kind and true,
On whom you may depend,
Oh ! marry Arabella Jones - -
She is my dearest friend."

" Yes, Hannah, I have wanted long
To speak of this before ;
For Arabella Jones an' I
Have talked the matter o'er."

"Then you an' Arabella Jones
Have been too smart and sly ;
I tell you, David Wilkinson,
I'm not a-goin' to die !"

Her dark eyes flashed ; her strength returned,
She left her bed of pain ;
A week had scarcely passed away
When she was well again.

A VERY HARD MAN.

A hard, close man was Solomon Ray,
Nothing of value he gave away ;
He hoarded and saved ;
He pinched and shaved ;
And the more he had, the more he craved.

The hard-earned dollar he tried to gain
Brought him little but care and pain ;
For little he spent,
And all he lent
He made it bring him, twenty per cent.

Such was the life of Solomon Ray ;
The years went by, and his hair grew gray,
His cheeks grew thin,
And his soul within
Grew hard as the dollar, he worked to win.

But he died one day, as all men must,
For life is fleeting and man but dust.
The heirs were gay
That laid him away,
And that was the end of Solomon Ray.

They quarrelled now, who had little cared
For Solomon Ray, while his life was spared,
His lands were sold,
And his hard-earned gold
All went to the lawyers, as I am told.

Yet men will cheat, and pinch and save,
Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave ;
All their gold some day
Will melt away,
Like the selfish savings of Soloman Ray.

SOWING AND REAPING.

Are we sowing seeds of kindness?
They shall blossom bright ere long,
Are we sowing seeds of discord?
They shall ripen into wrong.
Are we sowing seeds of honour?
They shall bring forth golden grain,
Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?
We shall yet reap bitter pain.
Whatso'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruits must see.

We can never be to careful
What the seed our hands sow,
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Seeds of good or ill we scatter
Heedlessly along our way ;
But a glad, or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest-day;
Whatsoe'er our sowings be,
Reaping, we its fruits must see.

"LARGE AND RESPECTABLE."

A newspaper having printed that "there was a large and respectable meeting," etc., the reporter was called to account for the statement ; as the fact was that there was only one other person besides himself present. But he insisted that this report was literally true, for said he, "I was large and the other man was respectable, and truly we met."

RIGHT OR WRONG ROAD.

There's a way that leads up to goodness,
To heights that are most sublime,
Away from the fields of darkness,
The sorrowful haunts of crime ;
And as you begin life's journey,
A pause you're compelled to make,
For there are two roads before you,
And which are you going to take ?

There are comrades waiting to join you,
The noble, the good, the true,
The false, the worthless, the vicious,
The evil ones not a few ;
And how can you choose among them ?
How can you stand up strong,
Without a God to help you
Decide between right and wrong ?

One step in the way of evil,
May fasten the tempter's spell,
Once taste of a proffered pleasure
And the thirst you may never quell.
With liberty, life, and manhood,
All that is good at stake,
There are two roads open before you,
And which of them will you take ?

CHEERFULNESS.

'Tis well to work with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortunes call ;
With a friendly glance, and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.

PITHY BREVITIES.

Earnest efforts after excellence are never quite unavailing.

Hypocrisy is the unintentional homage which vice renders to virtue.

The more virtuous people are, the more desirous are they for improvement.

A sharp tongue seems to be the only edge tool that grows keener by constant use.

Christianity does not destroy or even weaken true and proper ambition, but properly regulates and rightly directs it.

Indolence and real happiness, never co-exist. Action is the law of life, health, and enjoyment.

The more joy that we give, the more joyous we live. All nature is made up of want and supply. All the enjoyments of heaven and earth come under this universal law.

Be not all honey, lest people lick thee up. Be not altogether bitterness, lest they spit thee out.

One way of discovering the value of money is to go and try to borrow some. Another middling mode is when you owe a small sum to a needy or greedy creditor, don't be able to raise it, and try to put him off.

Ideas overloaded with great burden of words, are ill fitted for long travelling.

Strict dealing may cool friendships, but loose dealing far oftener converts friends into enemies.

Good qualities often crop out after one has been told (though barely true) that one possesses them.

COMPANIONS OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS.

There are three companions, with whom you should always keep on good terms. First, your Wife; second, your Stomach; third, your Conscience.

To make these points clear, I refer you: first, to the criminal calendar; second, to the hospitals and lunatic asylums; and third, to the past experience of what you have seen, read, or suffered.

SINGULAR SUNDRIES.

LOST FOR WANT OF A WIG.

The well-known eagle practice, in some parts of the world, being to rise high in the air, and drop the tortoise on a rock so as to prepare his victim for being devoured. It is recorded that an eagle brought a renowned man's earthly career to an abrupt termination, by dropping a tortoise on his bald head; mistaking, it is supposed, the shining poll of the poet for a stone.

BOTH WAYS.

A sly old Scotchman, on marrying a very young wife, was rallied by his friends, on the inequality of their ages.

"She will be near me," he replied, "to close my een."

"Weel," remarked another of the party, "I've had twa wives, and they opened my een."

A CLERGYMAN'S HORSE BITING.

The horse bit his master,
How came it to pass?
He heard the good pastor
Cry—"All flesh is grass!"

COMPARATIVE ABILITY.

The superiority of man to nature is continually illustrated in literature, and in life. Nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with; but man can make a goose of himself in five minutes with one quill.

MATED AND MATCHED.

A man played dead with laudanum, etc., at his side, in order to test his wife's affections. She, to test his vitality, ran a cambric needle into his leg, and brought him to.

DEFEAT AND SUCCESS.

Defeat in a good cause is but *education*—nothing but the *first step* to something better—A teacher of how to conquer.

CUNNING COUNTERMATED.

The husband of an old lady died without making his will, for the want of which necessary precaution his estate would have passed away from his widow, had she not resorted to an expedient to avert the loss of property. She concealed the death of her husband, and prevailed on an old cobbler her neighbor, who was, in person, somewhat like the deceased, to go to bed at her house, and personate him, in which character it was agreed that he should dictate a will, leaving the widow the estate in question.

An attorney was sent for to draw up the writings. The widow, who, on his arrival, appeared in great affliction at her good man's danger, began to ask questions of her pretended husband, calculated to elicit the answers she expected and desired. The cobbler, groaning aloud, and looking as much like a person going to give up the ghost as possible, feebly answered, "I intend to leave you *half* of my estate, and I think *the poor old shoemaker*, who lives opposite, is deserving the *other half*, for he has always been a good neighbor."

The widow was thunderstruck at receiving a reply so different from that which she expected, but dared not negative the cobbler's *will*, for fear of losing the whole of the property; while the old rogue in bed—who was himself "the poor old shoemaker living opposite," laughed in his sleeve, and divided with her the fruits of a project which the widow had intended for her own sole benefit.

SHALL THE DRINK TRADE DRIVE ON?

It is recorded of Tullia, wife of Tarquinius, that she was riding through the streets of Rome, when the body of her father, weltering in his blood, was lying across the way. Her charioteer reined up his horses about to stop, when the unnatural daughter cried out at the top of her voice, "DRIVE ON." With crack of whip the fiery steeds dashed forward

over the lifeless body, spurting the blood upon the daughter's dress. Yet this revolting act recorded is not more heartless than the acts of the thousands dealing out the deadly drink.

Dead men do not stop them, or live men going down to shame and ruin. Point them to the wreck of manhood—, beseech them to stop their heartless traffic. 'They cry out in utter defiance of all solemn appeal and shocking sight, "DRIVE ON!"

Every liquor trafficker in the land is plying his trade in spite of entreaties and appeals more powerful than dead men's mangled forms.

If this terrible business were only insult to the DEAD, it might be borne, but the dire traffic lures, dashes down and destroys the LIVING,—degrades manhood, womanhood, and everything noble—"Lamentation and mourning and woe" ascend from the wretched families which these mangled dead represent, and although hearing the long, loud, piteous pleadings from one end of the land to the other, for the dread liquor sellers to desist, they SELL ON STILL, bidding high defiance to God and man, they cry "DRIVE ON!"

Pulpits interpose and plead; prisons threaten; officials arrest; courts condemn, and still the heartless dealers, defying all that is true and good, ignore all sacred sympathies and still shout "DRIVE ON! DRIVE ON!" Shall not tens of thousands of stronger voices raise the counter cry, DESIST, and all good citizens rising in their might for the right, bring the dread carnage to a speedy and "perpetual end."

Surely public indignation is yet far from up to the mark, while the dire destruction is tolerated! Surely, "there is a cause." Let us then determinedly, in patriotic might, by all available means, hasten the death of the deadly trade, not by injury to any, but in the rescue of millions.

On the Almighty's arm rely, raise prohibition's banner high;
And sure as heard the heaving sigh, sure soon to raise the victors' cry,
The joyous day is drawing nigh.

ALMOST SUBLIME.

The sun had just sunk superb behind the western hill-tops. 'Twas effulgent twilight of such rare magnificence as might well excite the oriental poets' extremest ecstasy. The bright rays which mildly streaked the glowing horizon had scarcely disappeared, earth and heaven seemed almost to blend their beauties together. Yet we turn our entranced attention, and lo !

A female of indescribable loveliness, who had been but one short week a blessed bride, having had the high happiness of being led to the hymeneal altar by her most devoted adorer, with fond and elevated anticipations of future joy and felicity ; both realizing that each belonged to the other, they sat in a secluded apartment. Assuredly now they were supremely happy, man and wife in *such* a world of wondrous joy and beauty.

She slowly and gracefully moved her sylph-like form, approached yet nearer to the partner of her bosom, exquisitely raised her delicate hand, and energetically slapped his *frowning* face with the *wet dishcloth* !

PIG DIGNITY.

Poor Billy Brown, while on a spree,
Was in a gutter laid.
A swine beside, easy and free,
His humble bed had made.

But small respect, as it would seem,
One entertained for other.
Though from appearance some might deem
Each near approached to brother.

As lowly they together lay
In heavy breathing sleep,
To either, lookers-on might say,
"What company you keep !"

But should uncertainty arise,
Which felt the most disgraced,
'Twas brought to issue on this wise,
By action of the beast,

Billy slept on, his muddy brain
Of sober thought bereft :
While in disgust and dire disdain,
The hog got up and left !

THE GLASS OF GIN.

Gin ! gin ! a glass of gin.
What manifold monsters lurk therein.
Figures that make one loath and tremble,
Things all that's foul and fierce resemble,
Broods of furies, infernal kin,
Vampire of venom, demon of gin.

Gin ! gin ! a glass of gin,
Dram of Satan, substance of sin,
Fluid containing the fell
Alembics of hell,
Direst death's brother-attached twin,
Causing man's fall, lower than all,
Ghoul of perdition ! glass of gin !

Glass of gin ! glass of gin !
To all that is worst in existence akin.
Destroying in rage,
Regardless of age,
No monster so vile, of scale or fin,
Unfound are thy peers, throughout the long years.
Engulfing the millions, dire glass of gin.

Glass of gin ! glass of gin !
Causing on earth such infernal din.
In most evils we trace
Familiar thy face.
In disease and delirium thy horrible grin,
In the wailing "Alas !" groaning out from the glass,
And visions of vengeful glass of gin.

Glass of gin ! glass of gin !
 In thee tremendous temptations begin,
 And delusive dreams,
 And elusive schemes,
 Does morbid fancy in mockery spin.
 Till time elopes with all golden hopes.
 Then weary of life, its worry and strife,
 Black visions are rife of a razor, a knife,
 And ruin blue
 Or blacker hue
 Each castle in air seized by dire despair.
 Oh ! in time beware
 Of the drop of gin.

TRANSPOSITION TREASONABLE.

Two *very different* meanings can be had, depending on how the lines are arranged in reading. A bachelor insists on taking the *first* and *third* lines of each verse together, and then the connecting second and fourth.

(*Just notice how reading it so alters the meaning.*)

In wedded state may dismal dark appear—
 May glory shine
 Fitted to rouse, or hope, or boding fear,
 So place each line.

MATRIMONY *versus* ACRIMONY.

That man must lead a happy life,
 Who is directed by a wife.
 Who's not in matrimonial chains,
 Is sure to suffer for his pains.

 Adam of old could find no peace,
 Until he saw a woman's face ;
 When Eve was given for a mate,
 Then he was in the happy state.

 In all the female hearts appear
 Truth, darling of a soul sincere.
 Hypocrisy, deceit and pride,
 Ne'er known in woman to reside.

This is a world of grief and trouble,
 The *single* man hath these all double.
 But pleasures bright bestrew life's path
 Of him who woman partner hath.

What tongue is able to unfold
 Virtues in females we behold?
 The falsehoods that in woman dwell
 Are almost imperceptible.

Who changes from his singleness,
 He's sure of perfect blessedness.
 "Fooled be, the foolish man," I say,
 "Who will not yield to woman's sway."

VERY POOR DIRECTIONS.

Bill Jones went along as well as he could without knowing the right turns of the road until he at last became uncertain of his whereabouts, and where next? When glad to meet a big Dutchman he enquired the way to Mr. Swackelhammers? Obliging the large man proceeded to give profuse particulars.

"You shust valk de road up to de creek, an' down de pridge, over up-shtreme, w'en you shust go on till you gum do von road wat winds de woods around de school house (but you don't take dat road.) Vell den you see you vill go on till you meet a hog pen shingled mid straw—den you turn de road around de field an' go on till you come to pig red house. Den you turn dat house around de barn and see a road dat goes up in de woods, den you don't take dat road too. Den you go straight on an' de fust you meet is a hay stack, and de next a barrack house. Vell, he don't liff dere too. Den you vill get a litle funder and see a house on top off de hill, 'bout a mile an' a piece an' you go in dere an' ax de ole voman gif she stan' under Ingleish, she vill tell you bedder as I can know how to.

SUICIDE EXTRAORDINARY.

A German is reported as having committed the rash act for a reason decidedly extraordinary. His wife had grown exceedingly stout, so as to destroy the grace and symmetry of her person; and he being gifted with a very keen sense of the beautiful, her presence became to him a continual eyesore. His ideas of proportion were so outraged beyond endurance, that at last he came to the resolve to seek in another world that loveliness which he despaired of ever again in this world beholding personified in his wife. On this remarkable circumstance is founded the following :

With mournful mien and down-cast eyes,
He left the city's jarring noise,
And sought a shady spot,
Where he might end without restraint,
His very tragical complaint,
And his unhappy lot.

Though the sweet birds in concert joined,
Their songs enlivened not his mind,
His grief was far too deep.
And though the charms of nature there
As Eden's bowers were rich and rare,
He laid him down to weep.

Then he arose and cried, "O grove,
Where oft I've whispered words of love,
Hark to my latest sigh.
Now crushed by my relentless fate,
I cannot longer hesitate,
Resolved I am to die !"

With that he drew the shining blade,
And deep incision madly made,
To let red current flow.
And thus, while life-blood ebbed away,
Did he his misery portray,
In dismal accents low :

"There was a time when, O my Mary,
Now cause of all my woe,
Thou wert as lovely as a fairy,
And graceful as a doe.

"And oft beneath a moon-lit sky,
One arm thy waist imbound;
But now both arms, howe'er I try,
Can reach scarce half-way round.

"Now too, thy comprehensive face,
Broad as the rising sun.
Thy monster form, devoid of grace,
Seems heavy as a tun.

"Some envious demon knowing that
I loved a form of beauty,
Conspired to make my wife so fat,
To drive me from my duty.

"As my wife's person amplified,
My love grew less and less.
And oh! this blade with crimson dyed,
Confirms his full success.

"But ah, I feel my strength depart—
My senses reel and swim—
The chill is stealing on my heart—
My sight becoming dim.

"Yet still before my closing eyes,
Spreads her huge figure vast,
Rising in view, the shapeless size,
My spirit is aghast!"

His head fell back, his eye-lids closed,
And sundry salient signs disclosed,
That death had stilled his heart.
And thus in manhood's power and pride,
A fine impassioned victim died,
A martyr to fine art.

"Absurd! ridiculous!"—but hush!
There's not a wretch to death doth rush,
Sooner than nature's season,
Noted in horrid record wide.
No! not a single suicide
Could name a better reason.

MORAL.

Some folks have *lost heart*, by far *less* griefs than that,
Of a purse fearful *lean*, or a partner too fat.
Griefs look'd full in the face, perhaps may be curable,
But *fondled* too far, may become unendurable. —J.D.

MOST UNSATISFACTORY REPORTS.

"Have you heard the wonderful story Mrs. Gad?" enquired Mrs. Malone excitedly. "Quite a startling discovery indeed that was—if it can be true?"

"What?" responded Mrs. Gad, "do tell."

"But I promised not to—as long as I live," answered Mrs. Malone.

"But I'll never name it, never!" said anxious Mrs. Gad.

"Well if you believe it," confidentially whispered Mrs. Malone. "Mr. Arthur Tait (you must surely have heard of him) told his wife's sister, that her brother's wife's nephew, whose oldest brother's stepdaughter, heard it reported, that the account came from the captain of a clam ship which had lately arrived, having just returned from the Fegge Islands, and he has said that it is certified on good authority, how the mermaids had crinolines made of shark skins—now could you believe it?"

IMPERSONAL PREACHING.

The young minister had come to preach, hoping for the possibility of a call to the pastorate. He had brought along three or four of his choice discourses. Anxious to make a good impression, he thought that something might depend on the selection of a suitable subject. So before entering, he ventured to make known to one of the church officials that he had a mind to preach on "the evils of avarice." To this there seemed rather a demur. Then said he, I have here a sermon on "pride." "I think," said the office bearer "it would be better to take some other subject." Then said the preacher, perhaps I had best take the "sin of drunkenness" as the theme; to this, however, there was yet more serious objection, as there were several supporters of the church in the liquor trade, that would "never" do.

The youthful aspirant to popularity named on until his list of available subjects becoming nearly exhausted, he ventured to enquire, what might be a likely fitting theme?

"Well" replied the church representative, "I think you had best *pitch into the mormons*, I don't think they have a friend in these parts."

TENDERLY, CAUTIOUS *dito*.

The coloured brother was asked, "Why don't you preach to them against stealing?" and promptly replied, "Oh! I couldn't do dat no how. Would trow a cole damp ober de hole meetin."

SINGULAR SUNDRIES.

PERFECTLY PARADOXICAL.

Isn't it odd indeed that the more one contracts debt the larger it becomes? And that the same is true of it whether one lets it run or stand?

NOTEWORTHY DISTINCTION.

There is this great difference between happiness and wisdom. He that thinks himself the happiest man, really *is* so; but he that thinks himself the *wisest*, is generally the greatest *fool*. And would not be so fully a fool if aware of the fact.

POOR SERMON—VERY.

A severe critic said that "A thousand such sermons as he had just listened to, would have no natural adaptation or tendency to—convert a mouse."

HOMELY APPLICATION.

A sermon was preached in a parish church, from the text, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." Amongst the congregation was a female who was dull of hearing, and on her return home she told her husband that the reverend gentleman had taken for his text "Except ye pay your rent, you must all go on the parish."

MRS. P. LIKED PREACHING.

Being interrogated as to her attendance at church, she declared that she "got particularly consoled by hearing a populous minister dispensing with the gospel."

LIKES AND DISLIKES.

Said a man of a certain taste "I do not like to see books and religious papers crowding the table. I can hardly ever find a glass of the drink that I like on such tables."

MEANS TOWARD END.

Physic, feasting, fretting, brandy, gin and betting,
Will wreck the strongest man alive.
But water, air, good diet, domestic peace and quiet,
Will cause the weakest one to thrive.

MIGHTY TRUTH.

Granite rock is unsubstantial compared with solid thought.
Truth is eternal and unchangeable, and as sure to triumph as stands the throne eternal.

It would be a mentally healthy exercise to analyze every resolution we form—look at the *wherefore* in the light of eternal truth—and be ready always to give a reason.

The purpose that cannot be resolved into intelligible reasons is not worthy to be entertained. Right decision begins in mental light—Truth in order to goodness.

"Smote by truth fall ancient errors—
Rear'd by might and propped by wrong;
And earth wonders, when they perish,
That they stood the test so long."

FACT, FOUNDATION OF HOPE.

Eternal uncontrollable instincts and energies are abroad and active. Majestic, mighty truth, love and right—working out holy purposes of joy for humanity. By the prevalence of these all heaven-approved causes on earth prevail.

The good begun shall onward go,
And bliss abounding ever grow,
In mighty swelling widening flow
Of rushing; radiant, brightening glow.

("Of making many books) there is no

END."

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